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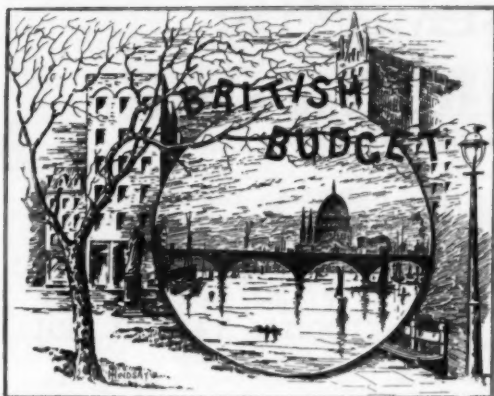
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BRITISH OFFICES OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,
21 PRINCES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE,
LONDON, W., July 1, 1898.

WHO says humor is dead in the orchestra? At the performance of "La Traviata" on Tuesday "the waits between the acts were so long that the performance of the 'cock-crow' phrase from Saint-Saëns' 'Danse Macabre' by a humorous oboist during the last interval was not uncalled for," says the *Times*.

The following artists have been engaged for the Leeds Festival: Madame Albani, Mme. Medora Henson, Miss Esther Palliser, Mme. Marie Brema, Mme. Marian MacKenzie, Miss Clara Butt and Miss Ada Crossley; Edward Lloyd, Ben Davies, Andrew Black, Plunket Greene, William Greene and David Bispham.

Aldo Antonietti has just signed a contract with Henry Wolfsohn for a long tour in America during the season of 1899-1900. He is unable to leave England this year on account of his long provincial tour with the Meister Glee Singers in the coming autumn.

Miss Ruegger, who left London last week, will return to England in February, when, under the direction of Archer's Anglo-American Agency, she will give a concert in St. James' Hall. I understand that this agency has secured the entire charge of Miss Ruegger's business for England and America.

M. Saint-Saëns and Johannes Wolff had the honor of performing some pieces on the piano and violin before the Queen and royal family on Saturday evening at Windsor. The ladies and gentlemen of the royal household had the honor of joining the royal circle in the drawing-room.

The Swedish Student Choral Society "Orphei Drangar" (The Sons of Orpheus) were expected at Berlin from Upsala on the 16th. They will take part in a performance at the New Opera House (Kroll's). The director of the society is Iwar Hedenblad, and among the fifty members are jurists, philosophers, doctors of medicine and theology, engineers, writers, artists and four opera singers. Christine Nilsson and Jenny Lind both have sung for this choral society during their summer tours. The proceeds are devoted to the orchestra funds in Upsala.

Madame Albani gave her first concert in South Africa at Durban on Tuesday, May 24. The press and public were enthusiastic in their praise, and although the prices were higher than has ever been known before in Durban, the town hall was crowded.

Owing to very numerous requests M. de Pachmann will give a second and last Chopin recital to-morrow afternoon. He will return to England in the autumn to give recitals in various provincial towns.

Herr David Popper has just been presented with the knighthood cross of the Franz Josef order by the Emperor of Austria, who seems to take especial pleasure in honoring musicians. During the recent jubilee celebrations of the King of Saxony at Dresden the Emperor of Austria conferred a title of hereditary nobility on Ernst Schuch, who is an Austrian by birth. It is thought possible that this may be a step toward his appointment to the directorship of the Court Opera at Vienna, in succession to Gustav Mahler.

Signor Mancinelli has written a new orchestral prologue to his opera, "Ero e Leandro," which was performed as a cantata at the Norwich Festival two years ago. The full rehearsal of the work takes place this afternoon and the first performance is set for Wednesday next. The following night Mme. Melba appears for the first time at Covent Garden as Violetta in "Il Barbiere."

Mme. Calvé makes her last appearance here this season Tuesday next in "Carmen."

Monday next Saint-Saëns' "Henry VIII." will probably be given, and it is hoped that before the end of the season Mme. Heglon will sing in "Le Prophète."

The Queen presented Mme. Eames, in remembrance of her singing at Windsor, with a hair ornament in diamonds, a figure of Liberty with wings of rubies, holding a banner with Victoria, R. I., in jewels.

I understand that Mlle. Zélie de Lussan, the popular

American soprano, has been engaged by Mme. Melba for her company next season.

Several people have made private tenders to take over the Carl Rosa Opera Company as a going concern. Among these is the publisher, Mr. Ascherberg. From private sources I understand it is very probable he will secure it. The last balance sheet issued sets down the assets to be taken over at £40,000, but probably no such price as this will be realized. I have every reason to believe if Mr. Ascherberg does not get it it will fall into the hands of one or two others who are bidding for it.

It is reported of Dr. Richter that at his last rehearsal before performance of the Choral Symphony he said to his chorus: "When you come to the hall Monday night will you bring a little joy and enthusiasm with you? The widow of the greatest composer of music for the stage will be present and she has not heard this symphony since the laying of the foundation stone of the theatre at Bayreuth in 1872."

It is rumored that Mme. Patti contemplates marrying again.

Woldia Ronjitsky, a pianist aged seven, will make his London debut soon. He is a pupil of his grandfather, his father and his uncle, all Russian musicians.

The new extension of the Guildhall School of Music will be formally opened by the Lord Mayor on Monday week. The ceremony will take place in the theatre that has been erected with all the appurtenances for giving in a realistic manner any play or opera they may wish to produce.

Graham P. Moore's "Neun Klavier Gedichte," op. 35, a set of piano studies, are not only most poetical and thorough piano music, but as delightful to play and to hear as his Chromatic Studies, op. 24. The little "Minnelied" from op. 39 is delicious. Heinrich Schenker, a composer whose works we have not previously seen, has written five clever piano pieces, which are published as opus 4. They are without a "text," but are full of meaning, and in some cases (No. 3, for example) are very difficult. All of these works are issued by Breitkopf & Härtel.

CONCERTS.

The last concert of this present season took place on Thursday, June 23, in the Queen's Hall. Sir Alexander Mackenzie never appeared to greater advantage as a conductor than on this occasion, especially in Sullivan's brilliant "Macbeth" overture. It is as an accompanist to a soloist that Sir Alexander's beat lacks the elasticity necessary to keep orchestra and solo together. The violinist, Mr. Adamowski, however, cannot complain of his accompaniment in the Bruch Concerto. He is an artist whom I hope will give us the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with his skill and powers. The lion of the evening was the great French composer, Saint-Saëns, who played the organ and conducted the orchestra, selecting in every case works from his own fertile pen. The Organ Fantaisie was well suited to the peculiar limits and resources of the instrument, and though interesting is not usually so. The A minor Symphony was far more pleasing. In fact, the audience paid the composer the rare compliment of redemanding the scherzo before the finale was played. The score is charming, and though the material of which the texture is so dexterously woven is of the slenderest, yet the interest never for a moment flags. The predominant influence to be found in this symphony is early Beethoven. It is a pity we do not hear this work oftener, for the clearness, simplicity and directness of the art of its creator cannot but teach a wholesome lesson to students and amateurs. Mme. Blanche Marchesi gave a reading of Saint-Saëns' "La fiancée du tamalier" in a manner which awoke much enthusiasm. Her art is considered fine elocution by musicians and fine singing by elocutionists, but this enunciated chanting can hardly come within the pale of beautiful music. Madame Marchesi's voice is certainly unequal to the task of comfortably filling the big Queen's Hall. The concert ended with some familiar orchestral number, but after Mr. Adamowski's playing of the concerto the audience began to lose both in bulk and in enthusiasm.

As the "Grand Festival Concert" which took place at the Crystal Palace on Saturday afternoon was obviously intended to attract quantity rather than quality of music lovers, there is nothing to gain by abusing the directors for serving up so incongruous a series of dishes as that which went to make up the program. Nor is there at this time of day any necessity to go into raptures or to become quasi-hysterical over the well-assorted noises, the gorgeous volume of sound which came from the throats of the 3,000 singers who formed the chorus. Every one knows that under proper conditions 3,000 voices moved by enthusiasm will make a greater effect with "Thanks be to God," from "Elijah," than thirty voices, which would be more or less lost in so vast a building as the central transept of the Crystal Palace. All such great choruses always go well, and make an effect well-nigh overpowering in such circumstances. By way of commemorating the sixtieth anniversary of the Queen's coronation patriotic effusions were largely drawn upon. The National

Anthem was sung, so was "Rule, Britannia," with Edward Lloyd for soloist. So, too, was Wagner's "Kaisermarsch," the text of the part for chorus in which had been especially adapted for the occasion by a well-known verse writer, who now wishes (temporarily only, I suppose) to be known as "Will Rawson." I do not blame him for his reticence, for I have often seen better adaptations from the German by him than this. The pompous, vigorous "march" somehow missed its effect. In spite of the efforts of the directors, who had had the words and music printed in the program, the audience declined to join in with the chorus, and many went further and declined to stand up. The point was missed, and the "Kaisermarsch" for once fell very nearly flat. Sullivan's march, written for the opening of the Imperial Institute five years ago, was also played, and the chorus sang a selection from "Judas Maccabeus," the epilogue from "The Golden Legend," the chorus of Dervishes from "The Ruins of Athens," and last, but not least, the prodigious "Dies Irae" from Berlioz's Requiem. Think of this latter, with its sixteen kettle-drums and four brass bands as well as the ordinary orchestra, and a chorus of 3,000, coming after "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Home, Sweet Home," which were immediately preceded by an extract from—"The Bohemian Girl!" Shades of Berlioz! Madame Patti was in superb voice; Mr. Santley sang "Why do the nations so furiously rage," and Miss Butt warbled "Kathleen Mavourneen" as an encore after an air from Gounod's "Sapho." Truly it was a wonderful entertainment, and attracted well over 22,000 good folk. Mr. Manns conducted.

Georg Liebling gave his tenth and last recital at St. James' Hall on June 23, a report of which appears in another column.

Victor Maurel came to London and gave a vocal recital with Miss Jeanne Douste, combining with it a lecture on "Voice Production," on the 22d ult., at the house of Mrs. F. A. Beer.

There have been plenty of good concerts at private houses during the past week. Among the piano recitals have been that of Miss Kleeberg and one by Miss C. Blackburne.

Mme. Clara Novello-Davies, who is known in America, gave a concert of her pupils at the Salle Erard, when Frederic Butt, whose chief claim to fame is his being the brother of Miss Clara Butt, made a fairly successful début.

John Thomas, harpist to the Queen and the veteran performer on that instrument, gave his first concert at St. James' Hall on Saturday, when no fewer than twenty-four of his lady pupils played under his conductorship transcriptions of well-known works. The concert giver played several solos also.

Enrico Tramonti, a harpist at the Geneva Conservatoire, gave a concert at the London Organ School of Music last Friday. These are all the recent concerts that merit reference here.

F. V. ATWATER.

(For later British news see another page.)

Louis C. Elson.

Louis C. Elson, of Boston, arrived in New York on the morning of the 16th from Omaha, where he went to deliver a lecture before the music lovers at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition. He will spend some time at Asbury Park this month, being engaged to deliver a course of twelve lectures on musical subjects.

Mr. Elson is one of the most successful lecturers now in the musical profession, and his time for next season is rapidly being booked, engagements having been made up to May, 1899. During his leisure time—and he has very little—Mr. Elson is writing "Biographies of the Composers" for an illustrated book that will be one of the holiday publications this autumn.

The Courtney Prize Contest.

In spite of the warm weather and the absence of so many people from town at this time of year, Mrs. Courtney's handsome studio at Carnegie Hall was well filled on the evening of July 14, when she held the preliminary meeting for the prize contest, which will take place in September. Until this time the marking has been done by popular verdict; that is, the audience have done the marking. Now, however, the prize being made a term's lessons it was thought better to have those judge who were acquainted with the art and could mark understandingly.

The judges on this occasion were Miss Fannie Hirsch and Townsend Fellows, Sumner Salter, who had also promised to be present, failing to appear.

Those entering for the prize were: Juniors, Mrs. Marie Bendall, Miss Kathryn Smith and Thomas Hennessey, Mr. Hennessey coming first in marks. His voice is a beautiful mezzo soprano, and so exactly like a woman's in quality that one of the judges supposed a woman to be singing, and marked accordingly, being much surprised to learn afterward that the song was sung by a man.

The seniors were: Miss Wainwright, Miss Mary and Miss Sophia Macmockie, Miss Hazan, William Reeves and Miss Courtney, who took highest marks. Miss Sophia Macmockie coming second.

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produced wonderful results, are exclusively used. Send for prospectus.
WALTON PERKINS, Secretary and Manager.

MR. SHERWOOD created a furore by his wonderful playing at the meeting of the M. T. N. A.
in New York City last June. His playing in other large cities this season has aroused the utmost
enthusiasm. He has been acknowledged by critics, the public and musicians to be the greatest
American pianist. Mr. Sherwood will teach and give recitals as usual at the Chautauque
(N. Y.) Assembly from July 11 to August 13.

Tribute to M. Alex. Guilman.

I FEEL constrained to call attention to something
which is highly profitable for reflection in these days
of egotistical and superficial action. I refer to M. Guil-
mant's noble and loyal conduct on the occasion of Mr.
Eddy's concerts in Paris.

He not only does everything becoming a genuine gentle-
man and musician to make agreeable the visit of the
American organist and to make a success of his concerts,
but he takes personal part in those performances and
shows in every way by his name on the program and his
presence on the stage his good will, sympathy and support
of the foreign confrère.

One must realize the immense weight of M. Guilman's
authority in Paris, the honor in which he is held by right
of integrity, dignity, gifts and position to appreciate the
sustaining force of this attitude toward a performance al-
most wholly foreign. It is this loftiness and beauty of
nature which bring to him this authority.

This would perhaps not be as much to a man of leisure
or to an amateur desirous of representation. To appreciate
it one must realize the laborious and well-filled life of the
composer, whose every moment is precious as gold, not
alone to him but to the cause of art which is his life
work. Fatigue of body, loss of time, disturbance of a
methodical life—these things do not enter into his cal-
culations. There he is at his post for rehearsal if need be,
for conference, in time of need in any form, his whole
mind bent on having everything as good as it can pos-
sibly be made.

Not only so. He does not participate to "show off,"
to put himself in evidence or to obliterate his friend.
What do you imagine he does at those concerts? He plays
the accompaniments for the singers who participate!

I have seen "two-penny pianists" throw an entire pro-
gram out of order and an entire company out of humor by
dogged refusals to "play an accompaniment," simply be-
cause they were "pianists." I have seen those who
scarcely knew the keys musical who would not play a
singer's accompaniment to save his or her entire career
from ruin. I have seen "famous pianists" propped up
against an iron wall of disobedient, ill-natured conceit, dis-
appointing an entire concert hall full of people rather than
"stoop" or "come down" to play an accompaniment. He,
she, a great pianist, play an accompaniment! No; rather

that the world come to an end and every other musician
and audience with it.

Here is one of the leading musicians in Europe—pianist,
organist, composer, professor, director and organizer of
societies, a man whose musical services are sought for in
two worlds, and who has always a piece of music or a
musical work in course of creation, yet who plays accom-
paniments!

And how he plays them! It is not disparaging to the
rest of the party to say that M. Guilman's accompani-
ments are worth the entire price of admission to any
place where he may play them. He does not play them
as a penny pianist would; not even as a famous pianist
would. He plays them as a composer, as a musician, as
the great artist that he is.

It is because he is the great artist that he can play
music whatever part it may play on the program. It is
just barely possible that it is because he can play music
that he does so and yet saves his reputation. It is more
than equally possible that the reason why the others do
not play all is quite because they cannot.

One thing to be remarked is that the singers who par-
ticipate in the Eddy concerts are uniformly successes!
More than a few of the audiences attribute a large share
of this success to the incomparable beauty of—the ac-
companiments.

One of the worst features of music work in Paris is the
piano accompaniment which, in at least seven cases out of
ten, under all circumstances is too loud. It is blacksmith
work, not piano work. It is noisy work, not musical work.
It is solo work, not accompaniment.

This is especially true in the studios and at pupils' au-
ditions, when frequently cheap "pianists" who must eke out
a living "stoop" to accompaniment, and who, in order to
get even with circumstances, try to pound and bang them-
selves into the prominence they merit. They only succeed
in making a solo piano row, with singing accompani-
ment.

In the Trocadero, so anxious is Mr. Accompanist to be
heard "in the big hall" that he takes the lid off the instru-
ment, and then, as he expresses it to himself, he "lets
himself out." He generally leaves the singer out also.

Not so M. Guilman. So exquisitely secondary is his
accompaniment, so exquisitely is it held in its place, and
so lovely is it of its type that to the real musician the
singer is forgotten in the deeper interest. For there are

extremely few singers who can speak with their voices as
he does with his fingers at such a time. Not one in two
hundred!

A good accompaniment is like a good wife, enriching,
sustaining, assimilating, adding to without taking from,
sinking identity while retaining self poise, weaving around
without hampering, beautifying ever, but—never inter-
fering.

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

Beethoven's Letters.

A SERIES of unpublished letters of Beethoven has
lately appeared in the *Deutsche Revue*. They come
from Otto Jahn's "Beethoven Relics" in the Royal
Library, Berlin. The first one has no address, but is evi-
dently intended for a poetic friend. Probably Friederich
Treitschke, with whom he was corresponding about a re-
vision of the "Fidelio" text, or H. v. Collin or Chr. Küf-
fner, who wrote the words for the master's op. 80. At the
end of this letter Beethoven writes: "My poor finger had
to undergo a serious operation on the nail. Yesterday,
when I wrote to you, it looked very threatening; to-day it
is quite stiff with pain." This fixes the date of the letter
to March, 1808, as a paragraph in Wegeler's "Memoirs of
Beethoven" says, "In March, 1808, Beethoven had just
lost a finger by a panaritium, but now he is quite well
again."

A letter to Andreas Stein, piano maker in Vienna, is
dated in the year 1813 or 1814.

"DEAR STEIN—In Baden they ask thirty-four florins a
month for a miserable piano. I am of the opinion that the
money is pitched out of the window." If you could spare
me one of the men you have about you the trouble would
soon be over. I'll pay him well.

"Yes, bring mattresses with him! On them and some
straw I believe my instrument could be taken to Baden
without danger. Pray tell me your opinion. On the 13th
I go to Baden. I shall have the pleasure of seeing you
soon. Your friend, BEETHOVEN."

In Jahn's collection are ten letters to the Baron J. B.
Pasqualati, four of which have never been printed. Bee-
thoven often visited Pasqualati's house in the Molk
Bastion while he was at work on "Fidelio," and dedicated
to him his "Elegischer Gesang," op. 118, and the "Canon
Ewigdein." The former is of the year 1814; a revised copy

SOME CHICAGO ADVERTISEMENTS.

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is inscribed by Beethoven's own hand, with a dedication "To the wife, now among the blessed (verklärte), of my honored friend Pasqualati by his friend Ludwig van Beethoven."

The following letters refer to the period when a settlement was being made by the heirs of Prince Kinsky, one of the three patrons who allowed Beethoven an annual pension. This settlement took place in 1815, and Pasqualati had exerted himself on behalf of his friend.

"ESTEEMED FRIEND—I beg of you to kindly inform me early to-morrow by your servant how the Lobkowitz matters as respects my pension have turned out, as I have no more money. I have taken the liberty to write to your brother at Prague about receiving the Kinsky pension, which has been due since October. Pardon my troubling you. Some of these days I'll see you again.

"Your friend, who esteems you,

"BEETHOVEN."

The Lobkowitz matters refer to the pension paid by Prince Lobkowitz, another Mæcenas of the master, the third one being the Archduke Rudolf.

"ESTEEMED FRIEND—I have to return to you your kind advance, but would like to do so in person, as I have something to say to you. This afternoon any hour will suit, or to-morrow early, if it please you, but not too early, as my state of health does not permit it. Let me know kindly whether I must come to the Kohlmarkt, to your house or to you.

"As always, your grateful,

"L. v. BEETHOVEN."

"ESTEEMED FRIEND—Although to-day is court day I have a great request to make—that you will call on me, as for some days I have not been well. To-day, if it is possible, as it concerns the affairs of my nephew with Dr. Adlersburg and it is highly necessary that I speak with you. But I cannot and dare not go out. Let me know when you will see me, to-day! From

"BEETHOVEN."

The nephew mentioned was Karl, who lost his father in 1815 and whose guardian Beethoven was. In another letter he asks his friend to be kind enough to leave with the copyist Rampel his Quartet in F minor to be copied. "I will tell you verbally for what purpose." This F minor quartet is dedicated to Baron von Zmeskall-Domanovecz and was published in December, 1816.

Of the twenty letters to G. F. Treitschke five remained unpublished. The correspondence of Beethoven with his "poet" is marked by a humorous and affectionate tone and he describes his revision of the text of "Fidelio" as "rebuilding the mouldering ruins of an old castle."

"DEAREST, DICHTER AND TRACHTER!—Kindly send the manuscript of the lied in A sharp (A major) to Steiner, in Paternoster row (Paterunser Gasse). There are some errors in the engraved (notes). You can, after correction of the errors, in case you care for it, get the manuscript at once from Steiner. Thanks for the copy of your poems. Your friend, BEETHOVEN."

The lied probably is "Der Ruf vom Berge," a poem by Treitschke, beginning with the words "Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär," composed by Beethoven December 13,

1816, and published in June, 1817, by Steiner, to whom the following is addressed:

"EXTRAORDINARILY DEAR FRIEND—Shall we begin from the first cause of all things, how anything has come, and why it has come? Become? Why anything is so; why anything cannot be so? Here, dear friend, we are at the ticklish point which my delicacy forbids me to reveal to you now. Consequently it cannot be.

"I shall with the greatest pleasure again make use of the Leipsic Bureau. Farewell, my friend, quietly, quietly. What has become of your Dichter and Trachter? Fare thee well. We are always as far as possible at your service. Your respectfully, BEETHOVEN."

"For the well and excellently born Herr v. Treitschke."

Liebling's Tenth and Last Recital.

LONDON, June 25, 1898.

HERR GEORG LIEBLING gave his tenth and last recital at St. James' Hall yesterday afternoon, June 24, when the gigantic work he began here in November last was brought to a triumphant close. The hall was filled with an enthusiastic audience, and the whole afternoon was a scene of complete success, encores following encores. The genial pianist-composer has evidently made a great many friends among musicians and musical amateurs in London. The program was as follows:

Fantaisie, op. 28.....Mendelssohn
Aria from the opera Am Fjord, MS.....G. Liebling
The Star of Love, op. 26.....G. Liebling
The Lesson, op. 27.....G. Liebling

(First performance.)
Miss Ruth Lamb.

The Voice of the Rivulet.....Berger
Nouvelle Suite à la Watteau, op. 31.....G. Liebling

(First performance.)

Toccata de Concert, op. 36.....Dupont

(By special request.)

Sacred Song, with piano and organ, op. 20, MS.....

Mine and Thine, op. 32, MS.....G. Liebling

(First performance.)

Gregory Hast.

Sonata, op. 58.....Chopin

I Am Silent When in Sorrow, op. 32, MS.....G. Liebling

There Is a Gentle Rushing, op. 18.....G. Liebling

Philomel, Hast Thou Said? op. 18.....G. Liebling

(First performance in England.)

Madame Alice Gomez.

Three Preludes to Verses of Heine, op. 29.....G. Liebling

(First performance for violin and piano.)

Henry Such.

Oh, Turn Toward Me Thy Wondrous Eyes, op.

33, MS.....

Spanish Song, op. 19, MS.....G. Liebling

(First performance in England.)

Miss Esther Palliser.

Valse Caprice.....Rubinstein

Rhapsodie IV.....Liszt

In Mendelssohn's seldom played Fantaisie in F sharp minor, op. 28, he showed his special talent for bringing out all the beautiful effects and charm of this old-fashioned music. No doubt in Chopin's B minor Sonata the great pianist was at his best. Certainly Herr Liebling has his individual style, yet it is not the style of De Pachmann or any of his other contemporaries. His Chopin playing was especially appreciated by the *Times*, and we might say that it is a happy combination of the best qualities of Rubinstein and Paderewski, being strikingly passionate, original,

poetic, most melancholy and beautiful in coloring. In fact, he carried the sonata through in a manner that achieved a real triumph.

Late in the afternoon came Rubinstein's "Valse Caprice," which he gave with all the capricious devilment one could wish to hear, introducing two interesting contrapuntal variations of his own. Dupont's Toccata, op. 36, played by special request, was as gorgeous as at his ninth recital. Again and again the public applauded and cheered until Herr Liebling repeated the thundering octave passage. Liszt's seldom played Rhapsody No. 4 made a sensation with its marvelous octave runs, and was given with genuine Hungarian passion and vigor. As an encore to the imperative demands he delighted his audience with his own "Fleur," op. 11. This piece has become quite a favorite with London musical amateurs.

Turning to the composer Liebling—by putting in his program a selection of his own piano, violin and vocal compositions, which were interpreted by a list of excellent artists, he turned his recital into a grand morning concert. He also played his recently composed "Nouvelle Suite à la Watteau," which is in four parts—1, Louis XV.; 2, Marquise de Pompadour; 3, Secret d'Amour; 4, Bal Champêtre—into which he infused much of the Old World charm. This met with great approval, as did the ten songs from his own pen, all of them with fascinating melodies and clever musical treatment. The entire concert was an unusual treat for musicians and amateurs. At the close Herr Liebling was recalled and recalled, hands were waved and flowers were offered, and many members of the fair sex did their utmost to kiss Herr Liebling's hands.

Liszt and Ole Bull.

When Ole Bull was on a visit to Liszt he resolved to play the "Kreutzer Sonata." Liszt sat down at the piano to accompany him, but after a few bars things went all wrong. Liszt smiled in surprise, and gave way to the old fiddler. A second attempt was equally unfortunate, and in spite of Liszt's patience the first movement was a series of slides. Ole Bull became more and more excited, and Liszt's patience seemed to make him only more uncertain. He groaned and perspired, uttered inarticulate sounds and rapped with his bow on the score before Liszt to indicate the places which he wanted over again. Liszt laughed like a boy till Ole, red in the face, cried out:

"Mais c'est impossible, de jouer avec vous, vous manquez le mesure et vous touchez toujours faux!"

Liszt's face changed like a clear sky when sudden storm comes on, his eyes flashed, his long hair literally stood on end and formed a mane around his distorted face.

"Vous osez me dire, vieux farceur, à moi—à Francois Liszt," Ole Bull screamed at Liszt, and they exchanged some very uncomplimentary remarks. At last, when Ole Bull was packing up his fiddle, Liszt said: "Votre nom sera déjà oublié et le monde se mettra encore à genoux devant ma mémoire!" With these words he seized his chair and smashed it on the floor. Ole Bull fled. The same evening Ole Bull gave a concert and played very badly. Liszt applauded every number, and the violinist made a special point of bowing his thanks. "Il a voulu donner des leçons de piano, ce vieux racleur—à moi," was Liszt's remark to Ilka Horowitz, who tells the story in the *Deutsche Revue*.



THE THIRTY-FOURTH MEETING OF THE ALLGEMEINER
DEUTSCHER MUSIKVEREIN.

MAYENCE, June 29, 1898.

It was quite a jolly crowd of Berlin musicians, or rather two sections of them, that took the train from the capital to the city of Rhenish champagne, at which this year the gathering of musicians known in German as the annual Tonkuenstlerversammlung took place.

Among the first lot that left early in the morning was Philipp Scharwenka, the composer; Willy Burmester, violinist; Moritz Mayer-Mahr, pianist; Rud. Buck, composer, and Max Loewengard, musical litterateur and composer. With the afternoon train followed in more leisurely fashion William Berger, the composer, and his charming wife, Frau Prof. Schmidt-Koehne, the beautiful vocalist; Otto Lessmann, the editor of the *Allgemeine Musikzeitung*, also called the "handsome Otto," to distinguish him, who is already so distinguished, from that commonplace mortal of the same Christian name, the writer of these lines.

When we were not busy admiring the beauties of the partially very romantic landscape through which the train rushes in a southwesterly direction, or talking to the ladies, or eating and drinking in the dining car (an institution copied from the United States after many years of waiting), we gentlemen whiled away the time talking about music, and went through the list of composers from Bach down to Buck and back, and then fell to playing skat. This German national game of cards is more complicated and not quite as dangerous as the American national game of poker, a fact which you will find verified in the circumstance that after about six or seven hours of playing (with interruptions) at one-quarter of a piennig, viz., one-sixteenth of an American cent per point, the "handsome Otto" was winner of the princely sum of 30 piennigs, or about 7 cents American money. But as he had lost the first grando because his attention was diverted through a misplaced sandwich, he had to pay for the pack of cards, which cost him 24 cents, and so after winning Berger's and my money he was out of pocket 17 cents after all.

Still we had had lots of fun, which lasted all the way from Berlin to Frankfurt, where I remembered the Maine and became serious. This unusual state of my mind was not to last long, however, for here we were joined by the other travelers who had preceded us in the morning, and then the rare spectacle of nearly a dozen musicians, all united, was offered to an admiring and astonished railroad public, who surely mistook us for a lot of cranks escaped from a de lunatico inquirendo asylum or a similar institution. Just before midnight Mayence was reached, and those who did not retire to bed stayed up.

Though you may mistrust me, I can assure you and can bring proof of the truth that I was not one of the latter party. On the contrary, like Wallenstein, I said to myself "Ich denke einen langen Schlaf zu thun," for the work of the four days before me was evidently of a serious nature, and they don't allow a fellow much rest between work at Mayence, for it is the jolliest and most hospitable town in all Rhineland, and that is saying a good deal. The selection of this place for the Tonkuenstler meeting was

therefore from a social as well as from an artistic viewpoint a capital one. Mayence, under the leadership of those two great conductors, Emil Steinbach, of the city orchestra and henceforth also director of the opera, and Fritz Volbach, conductor of the Mainzer Liedertafel und Damengesangverein, has lately come forward as one of the principal musical cities of Germany, and its annual Händel festivals have become world renowned.

Also it must be confessed that considering the short time of preparation everything was done to make this first meeting at Mayence a complete success, and it will not be many years before the Allgemeiner Deutscher Musikverein will conclude to gather again within the walls of this hospitable town, which boasts of an equally good and complete orchestra as it does of a choral organization and conductors. These latter factors were eminent in the two concerts of the meeting, which thus were really given by the city of Mayence, while the Tonkuenstlerverein completed the festival scheme with two chamber music concerts, in the programs of which vocal selections were interspersed.

The first of these chamber music soirées took place on last Saturday night in the large hall of the Mayence Concerthaus. True to the newly laid down principles of modern progress, which alone can justify the existence and further growth of the Allgemeiner Deutscher Musikverein, from which all old fogysm concentrated in certain personages now retired from rulership is to be ousted, the program, with one exception, contained only works of contemporaneous writers, and again only such works as have not yet been published. It is truly one of the best and most praiseworthy aims of the Verein to give chance of a hearing, and in consequence of this hearing also to a publication to such works which the committee finds worthy of such prominence and which otherwise might have remained unknown for a long time to come or perchance forever.

What caused comment, however, and in some quarters very vehement comment, was the fact that the programs for the first time since the existence of the Tonkuenstlerverein did not contain the name of Liszt. As for myself I could and did quite willingly dispense with it, nor would I have noticed its absence from the programs with distress, but considering the fact that Liszt was the founder of the Allgemeiner Deutscher Musikverein and that this organization in its great majority still consists of simon pure Lisztianers, the conclusion voted at one of the business meetings of the Verein and to the effect that henceforth no festival should be given without one or more works of Liszt upon the program can only be called an appropriate one.

The exception on the first program, of which I spoke above, was the trio for clarinet, 'cello and piano, op. 114, in A minor, by Brahms, the culture and understanding of whose chamber music compositions is ever on the increase among modern musicians. This trio is one of the most melodious and naturally beautiful of the master's works, and the peculiar combination of instruments for which it is written makes it all the more interesting. One can surely not hear it better performed than it was on this occasion,

when Muchfeld, of Meiningen, the renowned Brahms clarinet player; Prof. Hugo Becker, of Frankfurt, the 'cellist, and Frederick Lamond, the most conscientious Scotch pianist, united in giving a model reading of the work. I find that musicians always play better before musicians than they do before the general public.

The second chamber music work, one still in manuscript, was a sonata in E minor for 'cello and piano, by Georg Schumann, musikdirector at Bremen. In one of my Berlin budgets of two seasons ago I called attention to the talent of this young writer, who is handicapped with so renowned a name. The 'cello sonata I heard here confirms my good opinion, and I consider it one of the best works that have been written for the violoncello in modern days. Above all it sounds well, and the difficult instrument is treated with skill so as to always show its most advantageous side. And this is the case not only in the melodious cantilene in C sharp minor of the slow movement, but also in the opening allegro con passione and in the very energetic finale. Schumann's themes are perhaps not startlingly original, but they are pregnant and worked out in musicianly style, the harmonization frequently being quite rare and recherché. The work was excellently performed by Prof. Becker, with the composer at the piano.

The most successful work and the one that was deservedly also the most applauded was Philipp Scharwenka's piano trio in C sharp minor, op. 100. There is no doubt that this centenary opus of one of the world's most modest musicians was the most important novelty that was presented at this meeting of the Musikverein. The trio opens with a very tender and exquisite lento, of which the following is the melodious first theme:



which is worked out at some length and with consummate skill in treatment. The second theme is introduced by the 'cello and reads as follows:



After which, in intermezzo style, an animated, short middle movement offers a grateful contrast, but leads back into the first lento, the slow movement thus being the first one of the trio.

The scherzo proper in F sharp minor is one of the cleverest and most effective of chamber music movements that can be imagined. It is frisky in invention, as will be seen from the principal theme:



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and above all from the fresh and pleasing first theme of the trio in D major.



Brilliantly performed by Willy Burmester, the eminent violin virtuoso, who had come on from Cuxhaven for the purpose of playing this work; by Prof. Becker and by Moritz Mayer-Mahr, one of the best chamber music performers among all the pianists I know, the scherzo was received with tremendous applause, and Philipp Scharwenka, modest and retiring though he be, had to come forward and bow his thanks to the audience.

The same scenes were enacted after the final movement, when Philipp Scharwenka had to yield to a double demand of the audience and appeared on the podium twice. The two principal themes of this, the most skillfully worked out of all the three movements, are as follows:



The deep and sincere, true and unostentatious musicianship of Scharwenka is best displayed in this finale, as in fact throughout the entire work, which is a model in form and in thematic workmanship.

Somewhat less satisfactory than the instrumental were the vocal novelties offered on the program. These were, first: Three Gesaenges (manuscript), op. 12, by Konrad Ansonge, the texts of which are taken from Stanislaw Prybyszewski's so-called poems, "Vigilien." These texts are thoroughly pessimistic, sick, fin de siècle, and Ansonge's settings fit the words like a glove. I don't know whether the words are poetry, and I don't know whether the settings are music, but such as they are they represent perfect specimens of modern, bilious, unhealthy and unwholesome pessimism in art. And if these lugubrious vigils of death are sung, or rather declaimed, by a sick singer like Dr. Wuellner you have a unity in trinity which, though it is far from pleasing to healthy minds, is perfect in ensemble.

Less diseased, but also less fantastic and less morbidly exciting, are the lieder of Arnold Mendelssohn, of Darmstadt ("Komme bei Tod," "Die Bluethe sic schlaeft," manuscript, and "Aus dem Hohenlied," manuscript), sung by Dr. Wuellner and accompanied by the composer. The last song, though not the most valuable one, was redemanded. Two lieder by Rud. Buck, of Berlin, "Sehnsucht" and "Ich liebe dich," fell flat, and justly so, for they are tame in invention and almost amateurish in treatment.

After this first chamber music soirée the Mayence festival committee gave the assembled guests a superb banquet at the hall of the Liedertafel. The menu was as excellent

as the Moselle and Rhine wines, and soon the most animated and gayest spirit prevailed. Speeches were made in which Privy Councilor Rothe, the representative of the Government, toasted to the health of Grand Duke Alexander of Saxe-Weimar, the protector of the Musikverein, and of Grand Duke Ernst Ludwig of Hesse, the art and music loving potentate, under whose munificence the present meeting at Mayence took place.

First Mayor Dr. Gassner, who was once upon a time a music critic, brought the health of the guests of his city in very felicitous and humorous speech. General Musikdirector Fritz Steinbach, president of the Allgemeiner Deutscher Musikverein, toasted the hospitable city of Mayence. Dr. von Hase, of Leipsic, spoke of Mayence as a city of musical culture, in which creative musicians had lived from the time of Heinrich Frauenlob to that of Peter Cornelius, who was born there. That it is the city of the Stein and Volbachs and that music publishing had found a place there from the early times of Peter Schoeffer to that of Dr. Streeker, the head of the renowned house of Schott. It was very gracious of the head of the house of Breitkopf & Härtel to thus remember the head of a rival house. And then Dr. von Hase spoke in very eulogistic terms of the Mayence festival committee, whose health he proposed. Otto Lessmann brought the health of Kapellmeister Emil Steinbach and Fritz Volbach, of Mayence, to which toast the latter gentleman responded with a toast to "Progress in Music." Dr. Onnenheim, vice-president of the Liedertafel, toasted the Musikverein and Kapellmeister Emil Steinbach found very amusing words with which to drink the health of the ladies.

Altogether this was a very enjoyable evening and happy close to an interesting chamber music soirée.

The first of the two concerts with orchestra took place on Sunday at the seasonable hour of 5 in the afternoon. The program opened with the manuscript symphony in B flat of the highly talented composer Wilhelm Berger (born in Boston, as I have several times before remarked). The work of the now prize-crowned German-American was to a slight degree disappointing, inasmuch as I had expected more in the way of originality of invention and in novelty of treatment, orchestral as well as thematic. On the contrary, Berger's symphony has nothing startling in either contents or effects. It is a very pleasing, thoroughly forcible, artistically planned and well executed work, which might have been penned by a good disciple of Mendelssohn or Schumann. It is, however, far from heaven storming or in any other way exciting. A mistake it must be called that the first, second and third movements are all in two-part time, the scherzo being in six-eight. The best worked and also the generally most important of the four movements is the last one, which opens up with a fugato and is as fresh and pleasing as it is finished in every detail. After it the composer was called to bow his thanks to a generously applauding audience.

It seems to me a circumstance worth mentioning and a significant sign of the times that our hot spurred modern composers are on the point of returning to the old forms. The symphony of Berger is almost conventional in form. Weingartner, the author of the work "The Symphony After Beethoven," has himself just completed a symphony in G major. Humperdinck told me that he is busy upon the composition of a symphony, and Richard Strauss, who in his "Don Quixote" is said to have overstepped the bounds of the aesthetic in music, has likewise forsaken program music and is writing a symphony in classic style.

A novelty of distressing poorness of quality was Dietrich's narration from Hans Pfitzner's opera "Der arme Heinrich." Much has been written for and against this dramatic work of the young Rhenish composer, who by some has been dubbed "the legitimate successor of Wagner." If this narration, which was well sung by the baritone Strathmann (formerly of Mayence, now of the Weimar Court Opera), is a fair specimen of Pfitzner's abilities, then he should beware of his friends, for they are apt to turn his head. This long winded narration really is nothing but watered Wagner, and even the orchestration, copied closely after Wagner, is monotonous, because it lacks variety of color. Pfitzner was likewise called upon the podium, but the applause was not a general one.

Why the third "Leonore" overture of Beethoven was

on this program I was at a loss to understand, but once placed there it ought to have been performed in flawless style. This was not the case, however; albeit I shall not blame Kapellmeister Emil Steinbach for the two mishaps that occurred in the reproduction. Such accidents can happen in the very best of orchestras, especially if they are enlarged by outsiders.

Mlle. Marcella Pregi, from Paris, whose charming and sympathetic delivery of lieder, especially in French style, I have praised before, sang César Franck's religious song "La Procession," Paladilhe's suggestive "First Miracle of Jesus" and Charles Lefebvre's descriptive "Dans la steppe," all three with orchestra, and was much applauded, although evidently she was not in the very best of voice or saved herself that evening.

Frederick Lamond played Tchaikowsky's rarely heard Concert-Fantaisie in G major, for piano and orchestra. It amounts to almost a self-sacrifice to perform such an ungrateful work. The second theme of the first movement is a real gem of graceful, truly Tchaikowskyan invention, but outside of this one melody there is little that is attractive in this work, and even the effect of the beauty of parts of this movement is spoiled by the over great length of the cadenza, which curiously enough is introduced right in the opening section of the work.

The final scene from the third act of "Die Meistersinger" brought Wagner upon the program, and, though it was mutilated by many cuts, the excerpt killed everything that had preceded. The choral episodes were finely sung by the Mayence Liedertafel and Damengesangverein. Dr. Wuellner was kind enough to take Walter's part without rehearsal, after Max Giesswein, from Frankfurt, who was billed for the part, and who had sung it at the rehearsal had suddenly departed from Mayence before the concert took place, because, as he thought, his name had not been sufficiently brought forward in the preliminary notices. Tenors will be tenors the world over! Dr. Wuellner has not the lyric quality of voice necessary for the prize song, but musically he did justice to his task. Sistermans, from Frankfurt, lacked the breadth and tone volume as well as dignity of delivery necessary for the part of Sachs, but he sang pleasingly and did not spoil anything.

After the concert Emil Steinbach received quite an ovation from the public in which his orchestra joined heartily.

Monday forenoon a business meeting of the Allgemeiner Deutscher Musikverein took place under the presidency of General Musikdirector Fritz Steinbach. A vote of thanks was offered to the former members of the board of directors. His Excellency Hans von Bronsart and Prof. Ad. Stern, of Dresden. It was voted to visit the grave of the composer Peter Cornelius, who was born and who lies buried at Mayence, and to lay down a wreath upon his last resting place. Dr. von Hase, of Leipsic, cashier of the Musikverein, made his report, which made out the receipts and cash in hand as amounting to 10,471 marks, as against expenses to the amount of 5,580 marks. The actual status shows a surplus of 33,760 marks. The Beethoven fund amounts to 20,300, the Mansourer fund 29,000 marks, the Herman fund 785 marks and the Liszt fund 90,000 marks. The Liszt monument fund has now reached the sum of 22,650 marks, and is gradually to be increased to 140,000 marks. Sketches for the monument are to be asked for in a prize competition, which is to close on June 1, 1899. Porges, of Munich, proposes, and it is so voted, that all German concert organizations of standing are to be asked to give concerts in favor of the Liszt monument fund. It is further voted to give 5,000 marks from the Musikverein's money toward the Liszt monument, and Prof. Kellermann, of Munich (by the by, he is the Kraft-Meyer of Wolzogen's novel by that title) offers to contribute a like sum to the said fund.

During the discussions about the new statutes of the Allgemeiner Deutscher Musikverein there was a hot debate about the circumstance that Liszt's name was absent from this festival's program, as I stated above. It was then unanimously voted to voice in the official report of the meeting the wish of the assembly that in all further festival programs Liszt should be represented with at least one work.

At 12:30 P. M. the meeting was adjourned. The reason

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for the adjournment was a visit to the great Kufferberg champagne establishment, to which the entire party had been invited by the hospitable owner of this greatest of all German champagne manufacturers. In the afternoon the meeting was continued, and a new board of directors was finally chosen by vote. Its members are, besides Councilor Gille, of Weimar, who, as representative of the Grand Ducal government, is member ex-officio; General Musikdirector Fritz Steinbach (Meiningen), Dr. Oscar von Hase (Leipzig), Prof. Hermann Kretzschmar (Leipzig), Julius Draesecke (Dresden), Engelbert Humperdinck (Boppard), Richard Strauss (Munich), Eugen d'Albert (Sachsenhausen), Musikdirector Porges (Munich), Prof. B. Kellermann (Munich), Musikdirector Julius Jansen (Dortmund), Prof. M. E. Sachs (Munich), Otto Lessmann (Charlottenburg), Siegfried Ochs (Berlin), Jean Louis Nicodé (Dresden), Felix Weingartner (Munich), Dr. Franz Wüllner (Cologne) and Otto Neitzel (Cologne).

The most important move of the Allgemeiner Deutscher Musikverein was the decision, reached by a vote of seventeen against fourteen, to join the newly formed Authors' and Composers' Rights Association, which the German Music Publishers' Society organized on May 10, and which is to be put into force on October 1. It remains to be seen whether this new broom will sweep as well in Germany, as it is reported to be doing in France and I believe also in several other countries.

* * *

About the two remaining concerts I can be very short, as the first one brought a performance of Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" similar to the one I heard at the Cologne Netherish Music Festival. On the whole the Mayence reproduction was even preferable, as it was one of the most finished choral performances I have ever heard. Truly this Mayence chorus, trained and conducted by Fritz Volbach, is one of the finest amateur organizations on the surface of the globe, and their singing pleased me so immensely that I made a mental vow to attend the next of their Händel festivals, albeit I am not a sworn admirer of that master. The female material I have heard in as good shape also in several other choral organizations, notably Siegfried Ochs' Philharmonic Chorus in Berlin; but the male contingent is decidedly on the same level, and that is rarely the case. The soldiers' and students' chorus from the "Damnation" were models and as robust in tone as they were refined in shading and sure in rhythm. The tenors especially pleased me very much. Not less excellent was the orchestra and quite remarkable the wood-wind. That most beautiful solo so far ever written for English horn was played with a delightful suavity and Wohlklang of tone.

Of the soloists Dr. Wüllner was interesting as ever musically, but a weeping Faust is not exactly to my liking. Still I preferred him greatly to the Cologne representative, Ernst Kraus, of Berlin, who had the temerity to sing at a Netherish music festival without having thoroughly studied, let alone mastered, his part.

On the other hand I preferred the Cologne Mephistopheles (Herr Bertram, from Munich) vocally and in point of interpretation to Herr Sistermans, from Frankfurt, who has no powers of characterization, and whose baritone voice does not easily speak in quick passages. It was pleasing only when he had to sing slow notes.

Mlle. Pregi had saved herself for the Marguerite, and she sang beautifully. Her conception of Marguerite is quite French, but so is the music of Berlioz, and consequently the one suited the other, although German listeners would have cared more for a more sentimental and less self-conscious interpreter of what to them will ever remain Goethe's Marguerite.

Strathmann sang Brander's song of the rat with excellent voice, and was applauded. The principal share of the

applause, however, belonged to and was showered upon Musikdirector Fritz Volbach.

* * *

The final chamber music concert began at 11 in the forenoon with an E flat organ prelude and fugue by Saint-Saëns, which the celebrated organist F. W. Franke, of Cologne, performed on the fine new organ of the Liedertafel concert hall with an excellent manual and pedal technic and rare clearness and taste in registration.

Three soprano songs with clarinet obligato by Spohr, his op. 103, were resuscitated on this occasion. The violin master knew how to write also for the voice, for these lieder, which I had never heard before, are not difficult, but effective. The Lullaby, sung with charming naïveté by Marcella Pregi and tenderly accompanied by Muehlfeld's melting clarinet, was enthusiastically redemanded. It is built melodically upon only three notes, B flat, C and D, and in its simplicity is quite a curiosity.

A sonata for violin and piano in D major by the Berlin composer and pianist Max Puchat was performed by him and Prof. Karl Halir, but could not interest the musicians. It is dry and leathery in invention and conventional in facture. On the other hand three posthumous Lieder by Peter Cornelius (published with others of that not yet sufficiently appreciated composer's posthumous works by Max Hasse) were greatly enjoyed and much applauded by the audience. These were "Why Are the Roses so Pale?" (without date), "Abendgefuehl" written October 10, 1862, and "In Spring" (written in Berlin, 1848), of which the middle one was enthusiastically redemanded. These songs are for alto voice and were sung with fine feeling and a beautiful, resonant, well cultivated voice by Miss Helen Bratanitsch, of Meiningen, a pupil of Rosa Papier, the once famous Vienna contralto.

The last work on the program and of the meeting is an op. 1, which was awarded the composer's prize offered by the Vienna Tonkuenstlerverein. It is a quartet for clarinet, violin, cello and piano in E flat, composed by W. Rabl, a talented young man, who performed the piano part of his work with skill, and was much applauded by so discriminative and authoritative an audience. The other performers were Muehlfeld, of Meiningen; Concertmaster Kolkmeier, of Mayence, and Chamber Musician Piening, of Meiningen, who did their best to help the work to a deserved success. The quartet is smooth and well written music in strict classical form. The themes are fresh and pregnant, but hardly very strikingly original. I liked best some of the variations which form the slow movement in C minor, and the very short but sweet Scherzo in G major, which really is a little gem.

* * *

Of the more important musicians present at the meeting I can mention Willy Rehberg, musikdirector, Geneva; Otto Lessmann, editor, Charlottenburg; Fritz Steinbach, general musikdirector, Meiningen; Alfred Hertz, kapellmeister, Elberfeld; Prof. Martin Krause, president of the Liszt Verein, Leipzig; Walter Ibach and Max Ibach, piano manufacturers, Barmen; Moritz Mayer-Mahr, pianist, Berlin; Philipp Scharwenka, composer, Berlin; Emma Hoffmeister, vocal teacher, Berlin; Ida Junkers, concert singer, Dusseldorf; Mathilde Haas, concert singer, Mayence; Susanne Bachstein, pianist, Eilenburg; R. Vollhardt, musikdirector, Zwickau; Robert Seidel, Stettin; Georg Schumann, kapellmeister, Bremen; Gustav Starke, kapellmeister, Freiburg; Frau Professor Schmidt-Koehne, soprano, Berlin; Jeanne Blyenburg, concert alto, Frankfurt; Emil Kayser, musikdirector, Hagen; Julius Jansen, musikdirector, Dortmund; Sonia Grosswald, pianist, Goettingen; Agnes Kuhls, pianist, Goettingen; Dr. Walter Rabl, royal chorus master, Dresden; A. von Lewenberg, tenor, Baden-Baden; Gustav F. Kogel, kapellmeister, Frankfurt; Johanna Hoefken, concert contralto, Cologne; Edward Reuss, composer, Wiesbaden; Dr. Fred Krome, musik-

director, Bingen; Hermann Wolff, impresario, Berlin; M. Jaffé, composer, Berlin; Dr. M. Seydl, vocal teacher, Leipzig; Arnold Mendelsohn, musikdirector, Darmstadt; Ernst Otto Nodnagel, Tonkuenstler, Berlin; Dr. Friedr. Henkel, musikdirector, Frankfurt; Antonie Bloem, contralto, Wiesbaden; Engelbert Humperdinck, composer, Boppard; Heinrich Porges, musikdirector, Munich; Edward Riesler, pianist, Paris; Lillian Blauvelt, soprano, New York; Arthur Senolian, musical litterateur, Karlsruhe; Cornelius Riebner, kapellmeister, Karlsruhe; W. Bagler, editor *National Zeitung*, Berlin; Dr. O. von Hase, of Breikopf & Härtel, Leipzig; Dr. Arthur Seidl, musical litterateur, Regensburg; Constantin Sander, music publisher, Leipzig; Fritz Kauffmann, musikdirector, Magdeburg; Prof. M. E. Sachs, Munich; Richard Schelter, musikdirector, Speyer; Prof. Berthold Kellermann, Munich; Max Puchat, composer, Berlin; Ernest Eulenberg, publisher, Leipzig; Karl Peiser, music publisher, Leipzig; Rudolf Buck, composer, Berlin; Wilhelm Berger, composer, Berlin; Max Loewengard, musical litterateur, Berlin; Prof. C. Luetsch, St. Petersburg; Friedr. Roesch, kapellmeister, Munich; Karl Gleitz, composer, Berlin; Ludwig Strakosch, opera and concert singer, Wiesbaden; Walter Chainanus, musikdirector, Landau; Dr. Wolfram, university musikdirector, Heidelberg; Zerlett, composer, Wiesbaden; A. Haenlein, musikdirector, Mannheim; Breitschuck, harpist, formerly in New York, now in Darmstadt, and last, but by no means least, Otto Neitzel, musical litterateur and pianist, from Cologne, and the inventor of and performer upon the viola alta, Professor Ritter, of Wuerzburg.

* * *

An excursion down the Rhine to Ruederheim, connected with a visit to the national monument of the Germania, wound up the highly interesting as well as important Mayence meeting of the Tonkuenstlerverein in most pleasing, and to many who had never before seen the river Rhine and its most beautiful spot, quite memorable manner.

* * *

Two days before I left Berlin for Mayence I had the pleasure of witnessing at the new Royal Opera House, formerly Kroll's, the guesting début of Frau Sigrid Arnoldson, in the title role of Ambroise Thomas' "Mignon." It is a good many years since I last heard this "Swedish Nightingale" before, and then it was in concert and not in opera. I must now say that I prefer her in the capacity of a concert singer, for Mme. Arnoldson is a more refined and finished coloratura singer than she is dramatic artist. Also her style of personal beauty shines to far greater advantage upon the concert platform than it does upon the boards of the operatic stage. Last but most important of all Mme. Arnoldson has no passion in either her singing or her acting, and a cold Mignon (again the character taken from a Goethe viewpoint and not from an Ambroise Thomas more or less coquettish French conception) is as unsatisfactory as a weeping Faust. Mme. Arnoldson's voice has not gained in strength since last I heard it, but it is as flexible, sweet and sympathetic as heretofore.

What I did not like, however, was her newly acquired French tremolo, which spoiled the very long-drawn-out sweetness of the popular romanza "Connais-tu le pays." Very well sung, however, was the Styrienne of the second act, and Frau Arnoldson made continuous favorable progress and reached her artistic climax in the third act. She was well received by the audience and cannot but be pleased with the applause she elicited and the success she achieved.

The support was worthy of the guest, especially Naval, with his lyric tenor voice and dignified acting of the part of Wilhelm Meister. Miss Dietrich looked and acted Philine quite bewitchingly, but her coloratura is hardly up to the requirements of the vocally difficult part. Baptiste Hoffmann, on the other hand, sang Lothario very well, and the smaller parts of Frederico and Laertes were in the



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excellent hands of Lieban and Knuepfer. As Sucher held the orchestra under good control the performance as a whole was a very satisfactory and pleasing one.

A repetition of the Nieblungen cycle began at the Royal Opera House on Friday night, the 24th inst.

At the Theater des Westens Mme. Prevosti continued her guesting appearances with Marguerite in "Faust" on last Friday night and was to sing Carmen again on Sunday night of this week. The next "guest" is to be the Austrian court opera singer Sofia Sedlmair, from Vienna, formerly operetta diva, known as Miss Offeney.

Carl Reinecke, the veteran Leipzig composer, has now gone in also for fairy-tale opera. He has composed a two-act opera under the title of "Die Teufelchen auf der Himmelsweide" (the little devils upon the heavenly meadows). The libretto is taken from Rudolf Baumbach's fairy tale of the same name. The opera is destined for performance by children and was tried by such at the home of the composer, where it is said to have pleased both listeners and interpreters.

Our Berlin prima donna Frau Emilie Herzog has been invited to take part in the Munich model performances of Mozart operas and will sing there Susanna, Constanza, Fiordiligi and Queen of the Night.

Engelbert Humperdinck told me at the Tonkuenstler meeting that he has finished his new work for the Leeds festival. It is a Moorish rhapsody for orchestra, consisting of three parts, entitled "Tarifa," an elegy at sundown; "Tanger," a series of Moorish dances, and "Tetan," a march through the desert. The composer will conduct his work in person.

Jean Lassalle will return to Berlin during the coming week, where he will appear as Don Giovanni and Mephisto at Kroll's.

Eduard Strauss, who at present is concertizing with his traveling orchestra at Leipzig and Dresden, will open up at Berlin on July 10.

August Klughardt, court conductor at Dessau, has finished an oratorio, "The Destruction of Jerusalem," which has been published by Carl Giesel at Bayreuth and will be performed for the first time at the Twelfth Anhalt Music Festival.

Professor and chamber musician Albert Wolfermann on July 1 will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his activity as teacher at the Dresden Royal Conservatory of Music. With rare pedagogic insight and most faithful care he has worked during this period without interruption as teacher of the violin and of string ensemble at the Dresden High School for Music. On September 1, 1892, he was chosen member of the Academic Senate of the Royal Conservatory, and at the last birthday celebration of the King of Saxony Herr Albert Wolfermann was distinguished by His Majesty with the conferring upon him of the title of royal professor.

Grace W. Root.

Miss Grace W. Root, daughter of George Frederick Root, the well-known composer, died suddenly at Bailey's Island, Me., July 15. Miss Root, who had been in ill health for some time, was twenty-nine years of age.

Musin School.

Definite arrangements have been completed for the opening of the Ovide Musin American Virtuoso School of Violin on September 1 at Steinway Hall in New York city. Musin leaves Liege immediately after the examinations at the Royal Conservatory, which are now going on.

National Congress of Musicians.

OMAHA, Neb., July 2, 1908.

ON Thursday morning, June 30, at the First Congregational Church, Omaha, Neb., the National Congress of Musicians held its opening session, and was called to order by Homer Moore, chairman of the national executive committee. The church was placed at the service of the congress by the Woman's Club of Omaha, and Mrs. J. M. Metcalf, as its representative, made a brief address of welcome. The congress was organized under the Bureau of Education of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition, and Mrs. Sawyer, of Lincoln, a member of the bureau, made a most interesting speech regarding the general aims of the bureau and the use and place of music as a factor in the education of the masses. She was followed by Z. T. Lindsey, chairman of the board of managers of the Exposition, who, in a few remarks, welcomed the congress on behalf of that organization. He was followed by Willard Kimball, at that time musical director of the Exposition.

At the close of Mr. Kimball's remarks Mr. Moore made a brief address, giving a history of the organization of the congress and of its scope and object. Among other things he said: "The musicians of America have this to be thankful for in regard to the war with Spain—it has directed the gaze of our own people upon themselves and has rather rudely awakened them to a realization of their own powers and importance. The congress comes before the people at a time when they are ready and willing to appreciate their own ability and to have their confidence in the future stimulated in every possible way."

The opening exercises lasted from 9:30 to nearly 11 o'clock, and after a short intermission the first recital was given by Miss Amanda Vierheller, soprano, of Pittsburg; Miss Adah Mabel Bryant, contralto, of New York, and Miss Georgia Kober, pianist, of Chicago. The accompanists were Miss Julia Gibansky, of Pittsburg, and Martin Cahn, of Omaha. On the program the following American composers were represented: Ethelbert Nevin, G. W. Chadwick, Arthur Foote and A. M. Foerster. Miss Vierheller sang a most interesting group of three songs by the last named composer, entitled "The Grecian Isles," "Shepherd's Lament" and "Autumn Leaves." Miss Vierheller revealed a rich, dramatic soprano voice and sang in a musicianly manner. She has been a pupil of Mr. Foerster. Miss Bryant sang songs by Rubinstein, Meyer-Helmund and Lipton, and created a favorable impression, not only by the quality of her voice and style of singing, but by her charming manner. Miss Kober is a pupil of Wm. H. Sherwood, and one of whom he may well be proud. Her success was instantaneous.

The afternoon session began at 1:30 with an address by Wm. L. Tomlins, of Chicago, on "Music and the Development of Child Individuality." Mr. Tomlins was listened to with rapt attention, and his discourse left a lasting impression regarding the real value of music as a factor in the education of the young. He was followed by Wm. Armstrong, of Chicago, who recited a series of experiences with the great artists whom it has been his province to interview as music editor of the Chicago Tribune.

At 3 o'clock the second recital was given by Dr. Gerrit Smith, organist, of New York, and Franz Adelmann, violinist, of Omaha. The program was very comprehensive and among other things contained the following numbers dedicated to Dr. Gerrit Smith: Eurydice (fantaisie), by Chaffin; Allegretto, B minor; Allegro F, by Guilman, and Toccata, E, by Bartlett. Dr. Smith proved himself to be an organist of the highest rank, and was vigorously applauded after every selection. Mr. Adelmann and Mr. Cahn played the first movement of the Sonata in G, by Rubinstein, for violin and piano, and later on Mr. Adelmann played an arrangement of Walter's "Prize Song," by Wagner. Mr. Adelmann was one of the musicians chosen to represent Omaha, and most creditably did he fulfill his task. The visiting musicians were loud in their praise of his tone and temperament.

At 8:15 the first evening concert was given at Boyd's Theatre. The soloists were Mrs. Gerrit Smith, New York; Miss Anna Metcalf, St. Louis; Mrs. Martin Cahn,

Omaha; Miss Rita Lorton, Nebraska City; Harry Fellows, Erie, Pa.; Miss Georgia Kober, Chicago, and Dr. Albert Ross Parsons, New York. For all its evening concerts the congress had the valuable assistance of the Theodore Thomas orchestra, Arthur Mees conductor.

Miss Kober was especially successful, Mr. Fellows awakened great enthusiasm with his high C, Mrs. Smith gave as perfect a rendering of her aria as one may hope to hear, Miss Lorton sang with a purity of style that betokened the best musical associations, Miss Metcalf displayed a pleasing voice, Dr. Parsons secured a half dozen recalls, and Mrs. Cahn gave a dramatic reading of the well-known aria from "Der Freischütz."

On Friday morning at 9:30 an essay, written by John S. Van Cleve, of Chicago, upon "The Influence Upon Music of Greek and German Mythology," was read by Mrs. E. P. Peck, of Omaha. At 10:15 Dr. Gerrit Smith delivered an address upon "The Place and Influence of the Organ in the Development of Musical Art." Dr. Smith mixed up a good deal of valuable information with just enough humor to entertain an audience rather unaccustomed to a series of musical lectures. He was followed by the third recital given by Ernst R. Kroeger, pianist, of St. Louis, and Mrs. Gerrit Smith, soprano, New York. Mr. Kroeger's program was made up entirely of American composers.

Mrs. Smith sang three groups of songs in the most charming manner imaginable. As a pianist Mr. Kroeger displayed plenty of technic and musicianly style and considerable enthusiasm. His tributes to the American composers has been very favorably commented upon.

At 1:30 P. M. one of the most interesting sessions of the congress was given by Mrs. Katherine Fisk, of New York, in the form of an address upon the subject "The Voice as a Painter of Emotion." A beautiful recital program was rendered, by way of illustration, by Mrs. Fiske and Miss Rita Lorton. Mrs. Fiske was followed by Dr. Albert Ross Parsons, of New, who read an essay upon "The Soul of Wagner's Music," which proved to be a valuable introduction to the program of the evening concert.

At 3 o'clock the fourth recital was given by Wm. H. Sherwood, pianist, of Chicago, and Miss Jennie Osborne, soprano, of Chicago. The accompaniments were played for Miss Osborne by Miss Laura Van Kuren, of Omaha. Mr. Sherwood played Etudes Symphoniques, op. 13, by Schumann, a group of numbers by Rubinstein and Chopin, and "The Military March" by Schubert-Tausig. "The Magic Fire Charm," from "Die Walküre," and the Liszt arrangement of the march from "Tannhäuser," with Miss Georgia Kober at the first piano, and the Allegro from a Concerto in A minor, by Godard.

Mr. Sherwood's work was masterly throughout, and frequently secured for him such enthusiastic applause as to amount to an ovation. Miss Osborne sang songs by Massenet, Goring Thomas, Chadwick and Woodman. Miss Osborne is rapidly establishing herself as one of the leading sopranos in this country, and throughout the congress her singing was received with intense gratification. At 5 o'clock a reception was given to the visiting musicians by G. W. Lininger, whose beautiful art gallery is one of the places of interest in Omaha.

At 8:15 the second evening concert occurred at the Exposition Auditorium. The program was made up entirely of selections from the Wagner Music Dramas, and the soloists were Miss Jennie Osborne, Chicago; Miss Jennie Dutton, New York; Miss Adah Mabel Bryant, New York; Harry J. Fellows, Erie, Pa.; Frank S. Hannah, Chicago, and Homer Moore, Omaha. Arthur Mees was the conductor. Selections were given from "The Flying Dutchman," "Lohengrin," "Tristan and Isolde," "Die Meistersinger" and "Die Walküre." At the close of the musical program a large number of magnificent stereopticon views of scenes and characters from the music dramas were exhibited and briefly explained by Mr. Moore.

Saturday, July 2, was devoted to the exploiting of Indian music. The first address, given at 10 o'clock, was by John Comfort Fillmore, of Claremont, Cal., upon "The Harmonic Basis of Indian Music." The lecture was profusely illustrated and a number of melodies were played for the first time in the presence of a civilized audience.

At 11 o'clock the fifth recital was given by J. Wallace



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Goodrich, organist, of Boston; Dr. Albert Ross Parsons, pianist, New York, and Miss Mabel Crawford, contralto, Chicago. Mr. Goodrich played selections by Bach, César Franck, Th. Dubois, R. Schumann and Chas. M. Widor, and displayed great technic and musicianship. Dr. Parsons played an "Ave Maria" by Liszt, and the "Liebestod," from "Tristan and Isolde." Miss Crawford sang a group of songs by Hawley, Raiff and Arthur Foote. Her voice is mellow and rich and she quickly made herself popular with her audience.

At 1:15 P. M. Miss Alice C. Fletcher, of the Peabody Museum, Harvard University, gave an address upon "The Psychic Aspect of Indian Music." She was assisted by Miss Amanda Vierheller, soprano, and Franz Adelman, violinist, and also by Mr. Fillmore, who gave several illustrations of Indian music. Miss Fletcher was followed by Francis La Flesche, of Washington, D. C., whose address was upon the subject "The Omaha Indian Songs of War and Peace." Mr. La Flesche was assisted by six Indian singers brought from the northern part of Nebraska especially to assist at the Congress. They sang a large number of their native songs. One of the most important features of the exposition of Indian music was the calumet ceremonial, which was done for the first time in the presence of any considerable number of white people. The general impression made by Miss Fletcher, Mr. Fillmore and Mr. La Flesche is that Indian music is a storehouse of valuable ideas, and that it embodies a spirit of musical representation which will in time exert a vast influence in shaping the character of American composition.

At 3:30 P. M. the sixth recital was given by Bernhard Listemann, violinist, of Chicago, and Miss Jennie Dutton, soprano, of New York. Mr. Listemann played the "Hungarian Fantasy," by Hubay; two numbers by Fritz Listemann, and others by Ernst, Nachez, Cui and Bazzini. Mr. Listemann has lost none of the cunning which years ago placed him in the front rank of violinists. Miss Dutton sang songs by Brahms, Franz, Herman, Cauffman, Fisher and Chadwick, and added to the favorable impression which she had already made. The third evening concert was given at 8:15 in the Exposition Auditorium. The soloists were Miss Jennie Osborne, Miss Jennie Dutton, Miss Adah Mabel Bryant and Wm. H. Sherwood. The conductors were Geo. W. Chadwick and Arthur Mees. As heretofore the Congress had the assistance of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra.

Monday, July 4, was "American Music Day," and an effort was made to so spend our national holiday as to do honor to the memories it represents and to do some lasting good to the cause for which the Congress of Musicians stood.

At 9:30 N. Coe Stewart, of Cleveland, read an essay upon "Music in the Public Schools" that contained some interesting facts and suggestions. He was followed by Homer Moore, who discussed "Early American Legend and History as a Basis for the American Music-Drama," and read an original story founded upon these as an illustration of what may be done in the construction of a plot from these materials.

At 11 o'clock the seventh recital was given by William H. Sherwood, pianist, and J. Wallace Goodrich, organist. All the numbers upon the program were by American composers, and among the names represented were A. M. Foerster, S. N. Penfield, E. R. Kroeger, Louis Maas,

Edgar H. Sherwood, Arthur Foote, William H. Sherwood and W. H. Dayas. At 1:30 P. M. George C. Gow, of Vassar College, lectured upon the subject "Music as a Factor in an American Education," paying special attention to the psychological development of the youth of the land which makes them able to perceive the inner spirit of the art and to reproduce it in their daily lives. Mr. Gow was followed by Louis C. Elson, of Boston, whose address upon "Our National Music" was one of the important events of the Congress. Mr. Elson illustrated his discourse with a large number of songs, many of them sung from original manuscripts. The lecture itself was of striking interest, and added much to the stock of information possessed by those who heard it.

Later the eighth and last recital was given by Dr. Gerrit Smith, organist; Ernst R. Kroeger, pianist; Mrs. Gerrit Smith, soprano; Miss Jennie Dutton, soprano, and Harry J. Fellows, tenor. The composers represented were Kroeger, Mary Knight Wood, Chadwick, Homer N. Bartlett, Chaffin, Margaret Lang, Ethelbert Nevin and Gerrit Smith. The fourth and last evening concert was given at the Exposition Auditorium at 8:15 o'clock. The soloists were Miss Amanda Vierheller, soprano; Mrs. Martin Cahn, soprano; E. R. Kroeger, pianist; Bernhard Listemann, violinist; Harry J. Fellows, tenor; Homer Moore, baritone, and Lucien B. Copeland, basso. The conductors were Geo. W. Chadwick and Arthur Mees.

During July and August the Exposition concerts will be given on the lagoon, with chorus and band alternating, with a few concerts in the Auditorium.

The Virgil and Deppe Methods Again.

Editors The Musical Courier:

It is with the greatest interest I read Otto Floersheim's valuable letter on the Virgil method of piano playing and the very important indorsement of that method by such men as Philipp Scharwenka, Otto Lessmann and others, who signed their names to a testimonial in favor of Mr. Virgil.

This testimonial, coming from Berlin, the city in which Deppe lived and taught, shows me that the principles which Deppe laid down twenty-five years ago have achieved the triumph and accomplished the revolution in piano teaching to-day which he so confidently declared they would. For, as I stated in my paper at the M. T. N. A. last year, the Virgil method is nothing more or less than the Deppe method, which I myself explained to Mr. Virgil years ago, in Chicago, just after my book was published, when he made the trip from Peoria for the express purpose of learning the cardinal points of the Deppe method.

Deppe disliked to be called the author of a "method," wishing his ideas to be taken in a broader sense. "I have not written a method; I have founded a new school," he would say. This assertion of his has come literally true in the "Virgil Piano School."

As I said further in my paper last year, "Deppe did for piano technic what Moses did for the moral law. He went to the bottom of the thing and put it in a few words, condensed but clear. These principles once understood and fixed in the mind one could no more practice wrongly than one could break a commandment and not be able to put one's finger on the particular commandment."

Mr. Virgil has extensively published ideas identical

with Deppe's and claims them as his own: In the Virgil method I find Deppe's absolutely unique hand, wrist and arm positions and Deppe's finger exercises. Upon these the whole Virgil system is based and built up. What is still more striking is that not one single new principle of hand position has been invented by Mr. Virgil.

This matter ought to be thoroughly ventilated, for I am prepared to prove what I say.

As a jury of important German musicians in Deppe's own city, Berlin, has pronounced judgment on the Virgil Technic Clavier Method, I should like to hear what an American jury, composed of Deppe's pupils in this country, would say, on seeing an analysis and comparison of the Virgil and Deppe methods. This American jury should consist of the following persons:

William H. Sherwood.
John Orth.
Warren Locke.
Harry B. Hatch.
Miss Nora Smith.
Miss Amy Fay.

Otto Floersheim should call the attention of Count Hochberg in Berlin to Mr. Virgil's Clavier Method, as Count Hochberg was an ardent pupil of Deppe. Also Fri. Timm, of Hamburg, who is the best living exponent of Deppe's teaching, and who trained Fannie Worburg under his direction, ought to be consulted. Fräulein Timm is well known as a teacher in Hamburg, and has made it her life work to promulgate Deppe's Piano Technic. Her address is Fräulein Elise Timm, 24 Kirchen Allée, Hamburg.

Readers of my book will recall that I studied one winter with Fräulein Timm myself to my own great profit. It is my intention to write to her and to Count Hochberg to examine the Virgil Clavier Method.

Respectfully,
66 West Fifty-sixth street, New York.

AMY FAY.

Jenny M. Wickes.

In the reference to Miss Jenny M. Wickes in the article on "Bowman Pupils" in the National Edition of July 4, it should have been stated that in 1895 Miss Wickes passed the American College of Musicians' examination in piano and theory "with honors."

Lorraine.

Cecile Lorraine is the name of a new soprano who will appear in America this coming season. She is said to be of a most prepossessing appearance and an artist of rare ability possessing a most beautiful voice. Although an American by birth Miss Lorraine has never been heard in her own country.

Mme. Maria Peterson, Worcester.

Madame Peterson, who has been teaching in Worcester for the past four years, gave a most successful pupils' recital at the end of the season, when several fine voices were heard in public for the first time. The local papers were loud in their praise of the work accomplished by Madame Peterson.

Before coming to this country Madame Peterson was well known through Europe as one of the members of the Swedish Ladies' Quartet.

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From Paris.

PARIS, July 5, 1898.

MENTION was made some little time ago of the publication of a musical work entitled "Les Gloires Musicales du Monde," by Mme. André Gedalge, of Paris. The work is so important in itself and so comprehensive in its scope that being the work of a woman but adds to the charm and interest, while leaving it intrinsically a work of which any man living might be proud.

An outline of the subjects comprised speak more plainly than words can do of this remarkable treatise. That even being too voluminous cannot be given entire. The following general table must suffice:

Antique art, treating of the origin of music, Greek and Roman art, and the first centuries of the Christian Era and Middle Ages; school of vocal counterpoint, treating the polyphony of the fourteenth and seventeenth centuries inclusive; the Franco-Flemish schools and schools Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, English and German. The making of instruments from the first centuries of the Christian Era to nineteenth century, organ, stringed instruments, wind instruments and instruments of percussion; Italian school reforms; sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; Florentine, Venetian and Roman schools and independent artists. German school of instrumental counterpoint, sixteenth and eighteenth centuries; modern school, seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; Germany, modern school; Italy, dramatic art and instrumental music, seventeenth and nineteenth centuries; modern school, France, fourteenth and nineteenth centuries, dramatic and instrumental art, popular and patriotic songs, artists; modern school Belgium and Holland and modern school England and America, Spain, Portugal and Russia, the latter through the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

To illustrate the manner in which each one is treated, under the head of German school, for instance, may be found the Choral, the Passion oratorios, Luther and his disciples, the precursors of the instrumental school, instrumental counterpoint and oratorio; organists and clavinists, Buxtehude, Froberger, Pachelbel, the Bachs, Händel, the descendants and disciples of Bach; symphony and chamber music, oratorio, dramatic art, opera and lyric drama; Glück, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, Weber, Meyerbeer, Wagner and Scandinavian school, Gade, Grieg, &c.; virtuoso violinists, altists, cellists, organists, clavinists, pianists and singers.

The work has some fifty illustrations, a table of valuable musical works by various writers, and is beautifully bound. It is large as a church bible. The opening chapters on the origin of music in Egypt, Assyria, Judea, China, Mexico, Japan, India, Persia, &c., are extremely interesting. The gods, the poets, the dancers, the declaimers, the theori-

ciens and the mystics are all there in their places in their relation to the divine art. In fact, as always with everything in France, this part of the work is much more heavily treated than that of modern nations. The modern development of music in America would without doubt surprise nobody more than the gentle author herself, who cites simply Frank Lorilliera Armstrong, of Philadelphia, as organist-composer of the States; Samuel Jackson as pianist, and also Louis Gottschalk, of New Orleans!

* * *

Mme. Ida Lurig, the well-known professor de chant at Paris, has, in this line of thought, an interesting and precious album-chart containing the classified portraits of some 250 of the great musicians of earth. It was given her as a prize for singing at a grand festival in Hamburg when a girl.

The classification is the most useful part of this fine collection, which includes Palestrina and Ardit. There are the Italian classics and Italian operatics, French classics and operas, German classics and opera, echoes of German classics, pianists, romantic and classic; composers of lieder, male quartet, church music, new German opera, new instrumental works, aesthetics, violinists, pianists of all countries, writers of opera bouffe, English composers, &c. It is a truly remarkable assemblage of classified genius, an education in itself for those who can study.

An album of a wholly different sort is one brought back from Italy by the French pianist Henri Falcke, who has just returned to Paris after a prolonged trip of mingled business and pleasure in the land of sun. A most erudite and enthusiastic artist, Mr. Falcke is just one to profit by such a visit. An excellent traveler and an expert with the kodak, he not only saw, but "retained" some 100 of the most charming and original impressions of people and things hard indeed to equal. His pictures are not merely pictures, but studies—a real pleasure for the contemplation of connoisseurs.

Among other views are two or three of the celebrated Villa Medici, the French art school in Italy, where his colleague, M. Mouquet (pupil of Dubois) is at present studying (or thinking rather) composition. On the walls of the dining room of this historic institution hang portraits of all the famous artists who have been guests there at intervals during the century, Berlioz, young, sarcastic, defiant and fiery, among them. The grounds about the building are ideal. Another view is of the house Palazzo Vendranin, in which Wagner died. This was taken from a gondola in front of the house. There are family groups, interior and home scenes such as cannot be found elsewhere.

M. Falcke was well received in Rome by Alexandre von Fielitz, a composer of distinction, a cosmopolitan in taste,

feeling and intelligence, who, with his family, made the young Frenchman's visit a "dream" of the ancient city. At Venice he had the pleasure of meeting the genial Enrico Bossi, whose compositions have been previously referred to here. M. Bossi is director of the Conservatoire at Venice, and among other agreeable surprises showed M. Falcke the latter's "Arpeggio School" in actual use in the school, and spoke most highly of its value to the students in overcoming one of the greatest difficulties of piano study.

While on the subject of albums I may mention a curious collection of postal cards of all nations made by the charming soprano Miss Mary Munchhoff, who has managed to secure a vast number of "latest beauties" of all nations. As they were speedily collected to this end, most of them are inscribed with suitable epigrams, mostly musical.

* * *

Miss Frida Eissler, the talented pupil of Leschetizky, who was chosen by the master to teach his system in Paris, and who holds his diploma to that effect, is prospering and having success far beyond her expectations. Being one of the most modest as well as conscientious of teachers, as well as a highly instructed and gifted one, she merits all she may receive of encouragement. Her studio is 9 Rue Galilee, Paris.

RARE CHANCE FOR A MUSICAL LIBRARY.

A concert pianist in Paris, who is about to travel, wishes to dispose of a unique collection of old musical works, namely, the first printed edition of the works of the masters, Beethoven, Mozart, &c., the first editions drawn from the manuscripts. As the artist has been at great pains to make the collections, and as they must be disposed of, here is a great opportunity for some American bibliophile or some public library to get hold of a precious acquisition.

Address, M. L. Breitner, 5 Rue Daubigny, Paris.

The Americans who attended a recent grand charity concert at the Trocadero Palace in Paris were astonished to see drawn up before their eyes on the immense platform a Chickering piano, with the big gilt letters upon its flank broadly announcing the fact to all beholders something heretofore unheard of in Paris. The curious part of the event, however, is the fact that it was a Cuban who was the means of its appearance there. This is the second time this season that an American piano has done duty before a French audience, the other being when the Steinway was played at the Lamoureux concerts, Cirque d'Ete, by M. Borwick.

Leon Rains, of the Damrosch Opera Company, is in town, hopeful, buoyant and enthusiastic as ever, and looking forward to his work for next year. Miss Caldwell

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PARIS.

leaves Paris to-day for London en route for home. Never was such an exodus of American students at this hour. They have almost all disappeared. Indeed, so few have never before been known in Paris as this year.

Francisca was the recipient of another most flattering ovation at the Trocadero this week. After every variation of the Proch series she was enthusiastically applauded. An air from "The Perle of Brazil," with flu.e, was equally successful. She is being much talked of in the city.

The great theatrical artist Rhea has retired from the stage to live at her lovely home, Montmorency, a suburb of Paris, where she has established a school for artists in dramatic action, French declamation, &c. A limited number of young ladies can be accommodated at the home, which is in every sense a perfect paradise.

The Comedie Française closes its doors at the death of one of its actors or actresses. Thus Mlle. Jane Ludwig, interred this week, is the third for whom this mark of respect has been shown. This sad funeral and the placing of the Algerian flags in the "Invalides" have been the only two sentimental items of interest of the week. The latter was performed "with closed doors." The execution of the murderer mushroom grower, however, was public enough. Perhaps the latter is held to be a more sane and healthy influence for the populace than the former!

The Opéra orchestra here is entirely too large, and seems to grow larger and louder with every representation. It has become absurd.

M. Carré left for London last evening. Mlle. Illyna, a Marchesi pupil, of whom much has recently been heard and said, has been engaged for the Brussels Theatre, where she makes her début as Orphée. Mlle. Wyna leaves the Opéra Comique for the Monnaie.

Mme. Julie Rosewald, who is in Europe looking up everything that is new, valuable or detrimental for musical progress in the Old World, has left Germany for Switzerland to rest a few weeks before her return to Paris. Few American teachers have ever been so disillusioned with European educative legends as this remarkable woman, because few have been so capable of probing through superficialities and getting down to the bottom of facts. The fact that she is perfectly liberal, large minded and unprejudiced lends much weight to her observations.

The Duchesse d'Uzes and her son are up this week before the courts for the fast driving of automobiles in the streets of Paris.

Few tourists are aware that "Cooks" own the top of Mount Vesuvius for excursion purposes.

Mrs. Grau and her daughter crossed the channel for London this week.

Madame Rhea having retired from the stage, all her superb stage costumes are for sale. All are in first-class condition, and rarely beautiful in taste and construction.

Jeanne Ludwig, the late actress of the Comedie Française, has, so to speak, already a monument in the provinces. In Pézenas, on a monument erected to the memory of Injalbert, she is represented as servant to Molière, offering homage to the former. This great respect for its talent is one of the crowns of French glory; a glory the United States would do well to study attentively, when she comes to "settle down" to art considerations.

Chateaubriand and Michelet were both publicly fêted this week. This is one of the great lessons France can teach.

Clementino di Macchi, of New York, is in Paris. So are Mrs. Asher and Miss Meta Asher, her gifted young daughter, already widely known as child prodigy and budding artist.

The Institut Polytechnique of Paris closed its doors this week by a performance at once one of the best and most interesting yet given in this charming educational home.

The performance was under the presidency of S. A. Princesse de Rohan, a lady known for her good works and many graces, who takes a deep interest in the in-

stitution. Interesting speeches were made by M. Cheysson, president of the Union de la Paix Sociale at Paris, and by Madame Pacquet-Mille, the directress.

Three exquisite saynètes, one of them written by the directress, were given with admirable effect by various pupils to show the result of the diction taught in the school. The clou of the evening was perhaps the superb acting of M. Davignay, professor of diction in the school, who is one of the best actors in Paris. The ceremonies were closed by dancing. The Institut opens again in September.

There is talk at the Opéra of giving the "Prise de Troie," by Hector Berlioz. Berlioz wrote two musical works on Troy, one "Les Trojens," the other the "Prise de Troie." The second, although one of his pet children, whom he yearned to see before the public, was never even heard by him in his life. It was never given integrally, although he made endless efforts to bring it to life. He died with this desire among many another unsatisfied.

"Les Trojens," although suitable for the Grand Opéra, was never accepted by them, and was finally reluctantly given to the Opéra Comique. This poor child of his genius had to be mutilated to make it fit in its coffin. Account of the composer's hopeless difficulties with the obstinate and unsympathetic Carvalho cover three or four of the tear-stained pages of the memoirs, and serve to show the difference between the privileges of the young writers of this and that day.

Delna will be the heroine of the production. An opera, "Lancelot," by Joncières, and one by Paul Vidal, "Gauthier d'Aquitaine," are also spoken of for the Opéra. The name of the latter may yet be changed.

Madame Horwitz, a Marchesi pupil, is singing "Lucia" at the Variétés, transformed for the moment into a theatre lyrique. "Sœur Marthe" and "La Banda à Fif" have been mediocre novelties of the week.

M. Novelli presented his "Otello" glaive to Mounet-Sully as a token of confraternity at parting for Italy.

M. Malherbe, the young Prix de Rome spoken of last week, remained the only candidate Prix de Rome of the four presented. The others, by reason of their cantatas not being wholly finished, were excluded. As if fated to mischance, one of the interpreters of the only cantata fell in a fit just as he was opening his mouth to sing. M. Malherbe is a pupil of Massenet and Fauré.

M. Cossira, the French tenor, whose success as Tristan in France gave the name to a charming and "coquet nîd" at Mont Dore, is to sing the role at St. Petersburg the coming season.

The spire of Saint Germain des Prés, the oldest church in Paris, built in the time of Childibert I., is being repaired. Childibert I.? He did not live yesterday. When we realize the age of monuments like this in the Old World we begin to realize what a baby nation we are. This church is on "the other side" of the Seine, in the approach of the Latin Quarter, but yet under the shelter of the aristocratic Faubourg St. Germain. Widor's picturesque studios are almost under its eaves.

"Iris," a new opera by Mascagni, is to be produced in the autumn in Rome. It is in three acts. The instrumentation is said to be something unusual, and will be placed in charge of the Philharmonic Orchestra of Rome. The roles will be distributed by a committee composed of Mascagni, Ricordi, Mascheroni, the director of the orchestra and the theatre director. A tenor barcarolle and a "Hymn to the Sun" are two of the vocal gems.

Henry Jacobsen, of Buffalo, N. Y., who has been in Paris some time studying methods, leaves for London to-day. Mr. Jacobsen, an active and intelligent member of the musical society of our country, has headquarters in Buffalo and Rochester, where he teaches vocal and instrumental music and directs societies. A capable musician and full of the work, he is just the person to benefit by observation and study in Europe. He has been a pupil of Trabadelo.

He believes enthusiastically in THE MUSICAL COURIER's movement against "star" operas or prize singer expositions. He sees clearly in what way general musical education and development is being retarded by it. He speaks almost with indignation of the condition of things under his own immediate observation at home. "The people have become so warped," he says, "by the present system that all interest in the music is completely submerged in the most vulgar curiosity to see 'the biggest paid singers on earth.' 'Who is to sing?' is all the question—never 'What is to be sung?' The night in which the big singer is to appear the house is full to overflowing; the very next evening with the very same opera the house is empty. People make no bones about acknowledging the matter and feel no shame. The opera scheme in America has made a Barnum show of opera, which none but a few privileged can see. The country in general remains in darkness and blindness while the 'show' goes off in one corner.

"To be deprived of his 'circus' makes the schoolboy's day of study in school a vague and unprofitable affair, so far as instruction is concerned; and so it is of the musical community not blessed with sight of the greatest living animals that grow."

Mr. Jacobsen is absolutely right in his estimates. It is only superficial or ignorant music people who can see the subject in any other light. The number is constantly decreasing and will be less before it is greater as intelligence spreads and as the green provincialism of a new country that has never had "a Childibert" fades and dies away.

Late British News.

BRITISH OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
21 PRINCE STREET, CAVENTISH SQUARE,
LONDON, July 8, 1898.

[For other news from this office see page 5.]

A STATE concert was given by command of the Queen at Buckingham Palace on Friday night, July 1. The orchestra was composed of Her Majesty's private band, assisted by leading members of the Philharmonic and Richter orchestras; students from the Royal College of Music formed the choir, and sang Verdi's chorus, "Gloria al l'Egitto ad Idide." Miss Marie Brema, Mlle. de Lus-san, Signor Ancona and Herr Van Rooy sang solos, and Herr Wolff played two movements from Godard's violin "Concerto Romantique."

Sir Francis and Lady Cooke gave a garden party at Doughty House, Richmond, Surrey, on Tuesday afternoon, when among the numbers who partook of their hospitality were members of the musical, dramatic, artistic and literary professions.

Miss Clara Butt will give a grand morning concert at St. James' Hall toward the end of this month in aid of the English and American Orphanage in Paris, at which all the principal artists in town will assist.

Georg Liebling was on Monday last initiated into the mysteries of Freemasonry. Brother Past Master J. Edward Hambleton, A. R. A. M., presided. The ceremony was an impressive one, and the Lodge of Asaph, which consists exclusively of musicians and actors, has reason to congratulate itself on enrolling so distinguished an artist in the brotherhood.

Hugo Heinz has made an agreement for an American tour, to include the principal towns of the Eastern and Central States. Ten concerts have already been arranged.

Friedrich von Erlanger's opera "Inez Mendo," which first saw the light at Covent Garden last year, was produced at Frankfurt on June 5 with genuine success, the composer at the close being called many times before the curtain with the principal singers.

Arrangements have been made with Rudolph B. Birnbaum, editor of the *West End Review*, for the publication of a souvenir commemorating the performances of the "Nibelungen Ring" at Covent Garden this season. The

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souvenir will consist of two handsome volumes, daintily bound, and illustrated by Charles Robinson and others, and will deal with the "Nibelungen Ring" and the art work of Wagner. To the first volume Louis N. Parker contributes the text; the second will contain portraits of all the principal artists who have taken part in the representations.

Prof. Julius Stockhausen, the famous baritone, once resident in London, has recently celebrated his jubilee of fifty years of musical activity.

At a meeting of the shareholders of the Carl Rosa Opera Company held last week, a resolution was confirmed that the company would be wound up voluntarily under the provisions of the Companies Act. A discussion took place as to whether the company's assets should be sold by auction or disposed of privately. The chairman, H. Bruce, speaking from a large experience, said that when theatrical properties were brought under the hammer they usually went for a song. The company was under an agreement to begin a tour in August, and had contracts with several artists.

These engagements could only be fulfilled if the organization were sold privately as a going concern; if they were not fulfilled the company would be liable for considerable damages. Eventually the liquidator was authorized to dispose of the company's assets as a going concern on the best possible terms after consultation with a committee consisting of Mrs. Carl Rosa, H. Bruce and Clifford Weblyn.

CONCERTS.

One of the most interesting and delightful concerts of the season was given last Friday night by Dr. Joachim and Leonard Borwick. A significant sign of the interest taken in their performance by the exceptionally large audience was that, though the program was composed entirely of violin and piano sonatas, hardly a single person left the hall during the two hours' duration of the concert. No two artists could have been found better suited to each other's style in the interpretation of the works chosen, and the results of their collaboration was, therefore, in every way satisfactory. Dr. Joachim's great powers are too well and widely known to call for detailed criticism. It is sufficient to say that he was in the best mood, and that no program could have better exhibited his genius. Tartini's "Trillo del Diavolo" (the Sonata in G minor), which is more of a violin solo than most violin and piano sonatas, was played from memory by Dr. Joachim so admirably as entirely to atone for the slight misfortune of his memory momentarily failing him. Mr. Borwick took his part with a subordination to the violin that was never unduly suggested, and in the Brahms and Beethoven sonatas, which gave the pianist more scope than the others played, he made the most of his opportunities and played with refinement and strength. The concert began with Bach's Sonata in E major, followed by Mozart's Sonata in A major, Tartini's Sonata in G minor, Beethoven's Sonata in C minor, and at the close the Brahms Sonata in G major.

It has been said that M. de Pachmann should always play Chopin, and certainly when he does there seems to be the most perfect sympathy between composer and interpreter. At his Chopin recital at St. James' Hall on Saturday last there was no lack of this sympathy, and the pianist, to judge from his remarkable play of feature, seemed quite as delighted as his large audience. The "Grand Polonaise Brillante" opened the recital magnificently, and was followed by two études, which included the well-known one in thirds. The Valse (op. 42), a nocturne, two favorite mazurkas and the second Scherzo in B flat minor were all characteristically played, and if the Sonata in B minor, which occupied the middle of the program, proved less interesting than the lighter selections it was by no means the fault of the pianist. So enthusiastic was the applause at the close of the recital that M. de

Pachmann returned again and again to the platform, and twice complied with persistent clamors for an encore.

Lloyd Chandos, who with Julian Pascal gave a pleasant little concert in St. James' Hall on Thursday last, has been gradually rising up the ladder which leads to fame for several years past, and the manner in which he sang Beethoven's "Adelaide" on the occasion under notice proves that his success is well deserved. A group of musicianly songs written by Mr. Pascal shows that the latter has studied the art of composition as well as that of piano playing to some purpose. As a pianist Mr. Pascal is most interesting when least ambitious. Wherefore his performance of a number of pieces by Chopin was better than that of Liszt's brilliant transfiguration of Schubert's "Erl King."

A violinist of exceptional talent made her debut at the Salle Erard on July 1. Miss Irene von Brennerberg is German by birth, and received her musical training in Vienna and Paris. She has excellent technic and a full tone, and proved her right to be called a finished artist by her musicianly reading of such ambitious works as Max Bruch's Concerto in G minor and Sarasate's "Zigeunerweisen." Miss Mathilde Verne played some piano solos very tastefully, and Señor Guetary sang with much success. The accompaniments were admirably played by F. A. Sewell.

Who M. Alexis Sandor (a violinist who appeared at a concert he gave with Madame Mitchell-Cohn at Erard's on Monday) is I cannot say, nor do I know if he has appeared before the London public at any previous time. He is certainly an accomplished player; his tone is pretty good, his technic admirable for the most part, more especially in double stopping and the like, and he plays sometimes with dash, but not always. His coadjutor played the accompaniments only, and these none too well, in witness whereof may be cited the performance of "A Song of Thanksgiving," in which Wilbur Gunn sang woefully out of tune and Madame Mitchell-Cohn was nonplussed by a part of the accompaniment. Cyril Clensey, a violoncellist, who also appeared, deserves a word of encouragement, though his playing is a trifle amateurish.

At Madame Marchesi's Audition d'Elèves on Saturday we had at the Salle Erard an opportunity of seeing what this extraordinary clever singer can do as a teacher. The pupils were mostly professionals or semi-professionals, and a very ambitious program showed the high aim of the teacher. Unfortunately time did not allow me to hear them all, and I fear therefore to be unfair to others in mentioning the work of some. Madame Marchesi's school is throughout noticeable, and also that particular charm of intellectuality with which Madame Blanche Marchesi invests her own singing. This is about all the teacher can do. Of course, according to the intellect and temperament of the pupil the result must be more or less good.

The name of Hambourg can hardly fail to suggest beautiful piano playing. A concert of unusual interest was given by Professor Hambourg's pupils at the Salle Erard on the 30th. Some thirteen young girls, all of them of English nationality, took part in a varied program, which contained every style of composition from Bach to Tschai-kowsky and Paderewski, the pieces allotted to each performer being carefully selected to bring out her individual qualities. Apart from technical ability the playing was noticeable throughout for its intelligence and musicianly development. Especially charming was Miss Horace Smith's rendering of the first part of Mozart's D minor Concerto; her master himself aided her at the second piano, and the dainty, winsome music was played with quite a touch of poetry.

Among the other pupils were: the Misses Shebsmann, Hands, Peake, Bryden, Bentwich, Davidson, Bryer, Stokvis and Varley, all of whom reflected credit upon their teacher.

F. V. ATWATER.

The Virgil Piano School.

THE last recital of the season at the Virgil Piano School took place Tuesday evening, July 12. The excessively hot weather did not act as a deterrent upon the friends of the institution, who completely filled the hall and adjoining rooms.

Miss Florence Traub, who is a promising pianist, was assisted by Frederic Mariner, the baritone, and Miss Lucille Smith, the latter playing the second piano part in the G minor Concerto of Mendelssohn. Frederic Mariner sang with his usual good taste. His intonation was pure and his enunciation clear. His numbers were all enjoyable, but "Fiddle and I," in which Albertus Shelley played the violin part, was encored twice. Miss Traub's playing was keenly appreciated. She showed how assiduously she had studied and how thoroughly she had been taught. The last number, "Staccato Caprice," by Vogrich, was brilliantly played, and Miss Traub was compelled to play again. She gave with much dash and unusual velocity the "Revolutionary Etude" by Chopin.

This was the program:

Concerto, op. 25.....Mendelssohn
Miss Florence Traub.
Orchestral parts on second piano by Miss Lucille Smith.
Ah, 'Tis a Dream.....Hawley
Frühlingsnacht.....Schumann
Frederic Mariner.
Carnaval.....Schumann
Preamble, Arlequin, Valse Noble, Coquette, Replique, Papillons, Chiarina, Chopin, Estrella.
Miss Florence Traub.
The Snowflake.....Cowen
Fiddle and I.....A. Goodey
Frederic Mariner.
Violin obligato, Albertus Shelley.
Maiden's Wish.....Chopin-Liszt
Hark! Hark! The Lark!.....Schubert-Hoffmann
Staccato Caprice.....Vogrich
Miss Florence Traub.

Oscar Saenger.

OSCAR SAENGER, the singing teacher, left for Europe on Saturday. He will visit London and Paris, make a trip through Holland and spend some time at Spa. Mr. Saenger had a great season—in fact, an unprecedented season, as will be observed in next week's MUSICAL COURIER.

He will resume his work on September 12 at his studio.

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NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1898.

The London MUSICAL COURIER is published every Thursday from 21 Princes street, Cavendish Square, Oxford Circus, W., London, England. This paper, while containing the salient points of THE MUSICAL COURIER, of New York, devotes special attention to music throughout Great Britain and the British Colonies.

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19 Union Square,
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FIRST SECTION

National Edition.

SECOND SECTION.

THE First Section of the National Edition of THE MUSICAL COURIER, which appeared July 4, proved to be the most stupendous and imposing success in the history of music journalism. As that edition speaks for itself in no uncertain tones it is only necessary to refer to it and then at once pass to the statement that in order that it should appear on time it became necessary to defer many important articles and illustrations for publication in the Second Section, which is to appear in the fall, the date of the edition to be announced later.

The Second Section of the National Edition has in fact been started with a large number of applicants who could not appear in the First Section for want of time. A list of these, embracing some of the foremost musical people of the land, can be seen in this office by all those who contemplate going into the Second Section.

When the various sections of the National Edition shall have been published the complete edition will be bound in one huge volume for permanent use in libraries and institutions of learning, as well as in all musical institutions in Europe and America, as a matter of course.

As a journalistic enterprise brought into being to demonstrate and illustrate the force, power, intellectual activity and greatness of one specialty in one nation, the National Edition of THE MUSICAL COURIER ranks as an unprecedented production. While other lines of artistic work may represent greater numerical strength, although this is questioned, no special profession, no single artistic pursuit combines in its membership a higher ideal or a more enthusiastic and lofty devotion to its pursuit and a greater faith in its ultimate triumph as a moral and intellectual agency than that of the musician—yes, we can with assurance say that of the American musician whose desire for progress and advancement on the most liberal basis conceivable to the modern mind is illustrated in the universal accord with which the movement for the nationalization of music in America is accepted and urged by him and by her.

It may be doubted if ever in the history of music such enthusiastic unanimity has been experienced among the musicians of any one nation as this feeling now prevailing here among our musicians to assert themselves and their mission before an intelligent public. Through the National Edition of THE MUSICAL COURIER the people of America will learn for the first time and within the period of a few months what the extent, the greatness and the future possibilities of musical life in America really constitute, and the profession will learn to appreciate itself with a more profound comprehension of its inherent strength and its artistic scope.

This paper has not editorially urged anyone to enroll himself or herself in this National Edition, but at this moment, when its success is already a part of history, it is well to say that those who desire to be enrolled in the Second Section should without delay make application, so as to secure position. The Second Section will not contain any articles or illustrations published in the First Sec-

tion, but will be a volume entirely distinct in contents, although it will subsequently be bound with the First Section as part of the whole National Edition.

Orders for the complete edition can be placed now.

MELBA'S interpolation of "Way Down the Suwanee River" in the "Barber of Seville" was just as inartistic as the introduction of "Nearer My God" by the late Emma Abbott in the "Faust" performances. Abbott was unmercifully scored by the critics for what they called a sacrilege, but both singers committed sacrileges in a musical and artistic sense. It is the star system that leads to such degeneration.

ALL new art is misconceived, misrepresented and attacked. Paris, which is agitating itself over Rodin's Balzac, seems to forget the lessons of the past—the Gluck, the Berlioz and the Wagner episodes. Rodin may or may not be a second Michael Angelo, but he is the greatest sculptor France has yet produced. A modest study of his new masterpiece may discern in its bizarre forms and curious rhythms the elements of a novel departure in sculpture—an art that did not die, despite Winckelmann's dictum, with the Greeks. It behooves us to be tolerant of the strange in any art, for no great art, says Edgar Poe, is without a savor of the strange in its proportions.

M. R. FULLER-MAITLAND writes in the London Times about the recent "Siegfried" performance: "Unfortunately something has interfered with its complete success this year. Possibly the excessively slow rate of speed now preferred by Herr Mottl for certain numbers—notably for the forging song—may have something to do with it, but over all, in these two performances, there has been a feeling of tameness that was entirely absent under the late Anton Seidl's baton."

We have heard Herr Mottl at Bayreuth. An absence of delicacy in his work was not compensated by a rough vigor. Temperamentally he cannot be compared to Anton Seidl.

NOW is the very midsummer of the musicians' content. If he be so lucky as to be free from professional cares, what a joy it is to lock up the piano, hang high the fiddle and the bow, relax the larynx—the most overworked of instruments—and let loaf the soul in true Walt Whitman style! The pleasures of roaming ankle deep in the lush grass, while overhead the sky is in ambush behind a cathedral of trees; the abandonment of body and soul to the rhythms of the sea—O the delirious dip and wash of the sea!—the curving boat, the angling, shooting, walking, wheeling, riding—are not all these a true tonic, true unbending of the tense bow, a relaxing of the tension of artistic life? Three months with naked nature teach deeper artistic truths than all the text books printed. So forget Wagner, forget Bach, mock at disquieting arguments, but don't forget to read THE MUSICAL COURIER.

WAGNER SINGERS AND SINGING.

THE recent Wagner festival in London has demonstrated to the English world of music that the day has passed for the Wagner howler. London has believed—as did New York a decade ago—that Wagner could not be legitimately sung, that is, sung as Weber, as Donizetti, as Schubert, as Verdi are sung. Screaming by the women, howling by the men, in defiance of all the rules of bel canto and hygiene, were considered imperative, and Wagner was consequently discredited, volumes being written about his unvocal methods and music.

Orchestral conductors were partially to blame for this—no human voice can withstand the competition of torrential dynamics—and the German school of impossible declamation did the rest.

We know now by experience that Wagner may be sung; the human throat need not be outraged and the Wagner orchestra is a thing of complex beauty and color, if he not lashed into emotional fury by incompetent and unpoetic conductors. Above all else Wagner is poetic; to judge of him by last winter's performances here is merely brutal. The idea has at last been absorbed that he can be sung, and beautifully sung, and in the London *Musical Times*—the organ of a sincere anti-Wagnerite, Joseph Bennett—this fact is duly set forth. Nordica is thus disposed of:

"This was balanced by Madame Nordica's want of realization of the character of Brünnhilde. She, indeed, treated the final scene more in the spirit of grand opera than that of Bayreuth, and more often took the audience into her confidence than Siegfried."

Nordica demonstrated her unfitness for such trying roles as the three Brünnhildes when she was in America. Utter breakdowns she contrived to evade, but neither by temperament nor training is she adapted to the parts. As far as characterization goes she was behind Lilli Lehmann. This lady always played Wotan's daughter as if she were a queen in Italian opera, and her cold, hard vocalism never gave one a faint notion of the opulent nature of Brünnhilde. Another British favorite, Marie Brema, is hampered when singing Brünnhilde by not having the top notes. The last act of "Die Walküre" was always painful for this reason when she attempted it. Wagner must be sung, sung, sung, not yelled, recited or chanted. Even in the measures where the recitativo and aria are so cunningly blended the song is of paramount importance. Read him, read his exasperated insistence on this point, and then realize the woful waste of breath by so many singers of the marvelous music of the master.

PHILIP HALE.

NEARLY ten years ago one of the editors of THE MUSICAL COURIER found in the columns of an Albany exchange a clever article whose freshness at once made an appeal. It was called "The Return of the Musician," and it set forth in moving phrases the discouragement of the newly returned student from Paris, Berlin or Vienna. It was written by one who knew, and presently the writer's identity was revealed. Playing the organ in Albany, a pupil of Guilmant, and an occasional contributor to the newspapers, Philip Hale first became known to the world of music when he joined the staff of THE MUSICAL COURIER as its Boston correspondent. Since 1890 he has been a regular contributor to these columns—both editorial as well as critical—and his touch, so individual, so nervously fine and sincere, is ever unmistakable.

Mr. Hale fulfills in many respects the requirements of the ideal music critic. He is profound as well as catholic, and sincerity, an abiding sincerity, is the corner stone of his art. He is an artist among critics, inasmuch as his utterances are cast in artistic mold, his prose style is chiseled, his sense of form exquisite. It is creative criticism his, the criticism that reconstructs the idea of the composer and sets it forth in all its naked beauty for secular edification. Philip Hale's naturally flexible mind, steeped as it is in modern culture, has been subjected to the fugal treatment of a severe course of study in the English classics. He knows the masters of English literature as well as he knows the beauties and brilliancies of the French, the depths and austerities of the German. A cultured man, above all a man of imagination, he is peculiarly felicitous in paraphrasing the subtle and evanescent music of the modern French school of poets

and prose masters. With the exception of Vance Thompson there is no one we know who can so dexterously catch the elusive soul of a poem and enmesh it in pure, noble, idiomatic English. He has from time to time given the readers of THE MUSICAL COURIER some marvelous transpositions of the fantastical Jules Laforgue and others.

A generous lover of music, Mr. Hale tempers his admiration for Wagner and Brahms with the saving salt of common sense. He is an admirable critic of organ playing—none better of pianists and violinists. There is no need of denying his bias toward the French school of orchestral composition, and many are the wise, graceful and finely colored things he has said of Berlioz, Chabrier, Fauré, César Frank and Saint-Saëns.

Personally this gentleman is greatly beloved by his friends because of his big heart, big brain and magnetism. He is a big man in every sense of the word, and there is a bigness and breeziness in his mental operations that are stamped Philip Hale all over. Mr. Hale is still connected with THE MUSICAL COURIER, although he is enjoying a hard earned vacation just now. When he does not appear in the regular Boston letter he may be discovered hiding in the editorial columns, if you can ever truly hille Philip Hale, for such a versatile, exuberant and rare personality is impossible to altogether suppress.

OPERA NEXT SEASON.

BESIDES the three companies that are to give performances of opera in this city, three organizations will be heard in other cities, and these are the Melba Company, which goes to the Pacific coast in March; the Ellis Company, which will give an extensive season in Philadelphia and which will visit Chicago, Boston, Cincinnati and other places, and the International Company, with De Vere at the head and that talented musician Sapio as conductor. The personnel of the Ellis company is announced now as follows:

Sopranos and Contraltos—Mesdames Melba, Ternina, Galski, De Lussan, Behnné, Toronto, Mattfield and Van Caunteren.

Tenors—Messrs. Alvarez, Bonnard, Kraus, Pandolfini, Soler and Van Hoose.

Baritones and Basses—Messrs. Stury, Bensauide, Stehmann, Boudouresque, Rains and Viviani.

Of these, M. Alvarez, tenor of the Grand Opera, Paris; M. Bonnard, tenor of the Theatre de la Monnaie, Brussels, and Signor Pandolfini, of Rome and Milan, and Herr Stury, the famous German baritone, have never sung in this country.

The company will give no opera in New York, but after the Philadelphia season of seven weeks will visit Boston, Chicago and other cities. Walter Damrosch will conduct the performances of opera in German.

Alvarez is an excellent tenor of the Italian school and is quite a favorite in London, but to compare him with Jean de Reszké is, to put it mildly, ridiculous. He sings well, he phrases like a thoroughly disciplined singer, and he has a voice of the lyric style, which is adapted to the roles of the old repertory and such parts as Don José or the newer works of Mascagni and Leoncavallo and Puccini. He will do well in all these operas provided his voice has not lost any of its power or quality since 1895, when we heard him.

But great roles such as Jean de Reszké has identified himself with are beyond the Alvarez horizon. Van Dyk is an intermediate stage between Alvarez and Jean, but he never was the artist, by the Grace of Euterpe, that de Reszké is now, when his greatest work has already been accomplished. The Van Dyk period was at its zenith six to twelve years ago, and he is so frequently off the key now that it at times becomes painful to listen to him, and being off the key is with Jean de Reszké an impossibility, for his musical nature could not tolerate this inexcusable offense. People who sing off pitch should be banished from concert and opera stages, for the annoyance due to that effect is in direct contravention of the very purposes and objects of music itself. It is a rudimentary and an elementary crime so far as

the very art is concerned that exists because it represents harmony.

The Melba Company will be recruited from the Ellis Company, and Ellis will manage both or each, for they will not perform synchronously. It is now said, and with a greater show of truth than it was last season, that Ellis will not be associated with the Boston Symphony Orchestra; it seems natural that an opera manager should be with his opera.

The American Opera Company will not give any but legitimate opera the coming season—opera of all kinds, comic and comique and dramatic, &c., but in English only. The Ellis Company will be polyglot and sing in four languages, Italian, French, German and English, and sometimes at the same time in two or more languages, a scheme successfully operated by Grau at the Metropolitan, where it was first introduced to a happy, contented and now victorious nation. Mr. Grau, appreciating the cosmopolitan and eclectic natures of the American people, presented them with, let us instance, a "Lohengrin" performance in which the Lady Elsa Bluebeard was personified by a soprano who sang it in French, Sir Lohen Grin singing in German, and the choruses of knights and ladies singing or rather screaming in Italian. As the story is located in Flanders, somewhere on neutral ground, or as we would call it, in a border State, the mixture of tongues did not annoy as much as it did at Babel, where the crowds separated, we are told, because they could not understand each other. At the Metropolitan, under Grau's management, it made no particular difference whether the chorus and principals understood each other so long as the audience did not understand it—not even with a libretto.

When Damrosch conducts opera the same Quixotic system prevails, and many a time will a Faust tell his Gretchen that he loves her in a language she does not understand. In fact, with four tongues on one stage at the same time the Tower of Babel will not be in it.

The Royal Italian Opera Company, an outgrowth of the company that sang at Wallack's this spring and introduced the two gems of Puccini, "La Bohème" and "Manon Lescaut," will give a season at the Broadway, some of the principals having refused to sign with Ellis in order to keep the present organization intact. Moreale will conduct.

If Grau shows some inclination to improve his orchestral forces Paur may conduct the operas in German at the Metropolitan; with the present Grau orchestra no artistic conductor can be satisfied; nothing artistic can be accomplished, especially as rehearsals, in the true sense of the word, are not fashionable at the Metropolitan. Ensemble is not cultivated; hence there is really no necessity for rehearsing. It is all star work, star system; starvation for art.

NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH.

THE following eloquent letter should be given the breath of publicity:

ST. LOUIS, MO., July 11, 1898.

Editors The Musical Courier:

In perusing your magnificent Fourth of July edition of THE MUSICAL COURIER I find under the head "Piano Playing in America" that you have mentioned the Epstein Brothers, and remark in addition "Brilliant and eccentric, now dead." For considering us brilliant I thank you sincerely; for being eccentric I cannot answer—a great many musicians are; but for being dead—I emphatically deny any such thing. Should you visit St. Louis and join us at Faust's or the Schmiercase Garden I am sure you would recall your post mortem declaration and admit that the Epstein Brothers are as live a trio as one could wish for. Hoping you will correct the misstatement in your next issue, I am, with best wishes,

Yours sincerely,
MARCUS J. EPSTEIN.
(Still among the living.)

[We are delighted to learn that our old friends the Epsteins are still alive and enjoying the attractions of Toni Faust's. We said that they were brilliant, eccentric and dead because we believed such to be the case. They are brilliant musicians, but eccentric

because they did not keep the world of music acquainted with their achievements, and therefore dead to the world of music, for we cannot remember any mention of late of their names in THE MUSICAL COURIER. The object of THE MUSICAL COURIER is to keep alive the memory of brilliant musicians like the Epsteins, and as they did not take advantage of its columns—advertising and otherwise—we naturally thought them dead.—EDITORS MUSICAL COURIER.]

IS MUSIC AN AMIABLE VICE?

THE *Evening Sun* reprints from the Chicago *News* an article with the above title. As well ask the same question about religion, but here is the article. Let us read it:

When the musical season is at its height, when the clatter of pianos, the scrapings of catgut and the wailing of the human biped are heard from hall and theatre, it is not inexpedient to inquire to what end are all these waves of sound put in motion, asks an iconoclast. For it would sometimes seem—especially when we are in a morose mood—as if music, though capable of soothing the savage breast, is calculated to lead to nothing but vague and enervating reveries in the civilized human being.

There are cynics, indeed, who argue that music is not only an unmoral art, but that it is the least intellectual of all the arts which grace our civilization. As a matter of fact, they say, it does not appeal to the intelligence at all. Apart from words, or some theme or story which it is supposed to illustrate, it has no meaning whatever. Sometimes, indeed, acknowledging its impotence, music becomes frankly naïve and imitates the sound of nature, the song of birds, the falling of rain, the swish of the tide, or the rattle of thunder.

It would seem, indeed, from recent scientific experiments on animals and reptiles, as if music appealed to us physically rather than mentally—as if it affected the nerves and not the intelligence. That a moving air, a subtle harmony acts directly on the spinal cord there is not the smallest doubt. Many people can never hear the "Marseillaise" sung or played without experiencing what children call the "creeps down the back." As for Wagner, he lays hold of the whole nervous system without ceremony, and under the pretext of telling a fairy tale about some Norse gods and goddesses, proceeds to experiment on the nervous ganglia with the same ruthless ferocity with which Ibsen experiments on the brain and conscience.

And when it is all over, what then? The musician, to be sure, has had his little triumph; but what of the audience that has subjected itself to this experiment, this species of emotional vivisection? Are its members ever repaid for this outlay of nervous energy? Do they feel stronger, more virile, better able to cope with the difficulties and anxieties of that real life which has got to be lived outside the opera house and the concert room? The cynic would say:

"Certainly not. Their nervous systems have been played on just as much as though they had been through a course of electricity, or massage, or douche and spray baths, though without any of the good effect of these modish forms of medical treatment. They have been juggled for a couple of hours in a fool's paradise, in a fictitious world of spurious emotion."

So we may be told that, while utilitarian ideals will become more and more the only ideals, music, with its enervating and sentimentalizing tendencies, will gradually be looked upon, not as a dignified and civilizing art, but rather as one of the minor and more amiable vices.

The above must have been written by a cynical music critic saturated with a season's music. There is one thing only worse than too little music, and that is too much. This is not the first time the question has been raised, and it will not be the last. Count Leon Tolstoi, with the ardor of a man who has worshipped too well at the shrine of art, attempts in his "What Is Art?" to ruthlessly break music on his critical wheel. Music is not an amiable vice—that is, unless it be taken in an amiable and vicious spirit. There is music that is enervating, music that is vicious, but all great music makes for righteousness, gives the listener a liberating of emotion and the keenest intellectual delight. To call it an unintellectual art is to misconceive utterly its meanings. To the aural sensualist, the man who revels in tones for tone's sake, the highest music is not addressed. One who goes to Wagner for an emotional bath will get one, but to the true lover of Wagner it is the free and varied play of intellect and emotion, the appeal ethical as well as the æsthetic appeal, that fascinates and sublimates the stories of love and hate. The uplifting quality of music is undeniable; it, too, can be abused to the lowly position of a handmaiden to the senses. Music is intellectual, it is virile, it is not vicious—although the vicious, foolish listener may find himself reflected in it. We carry away from Rome what we bring to it!



THE SCULPTRIX.

A slight grey woman, she stood alone,
In the great grey world alone,
And she said: "I will fashion my hidden dream
In a synthesis of stone."

She wrought by day in the facile clay,
In the night she fashioned clay,
Till her ideal stood in its stark-white mood,
Wonderful as young day.

"Oh, it's here in the marble," she said (and smiled),
"Is Love's dream" (and she smiled);
For the baby's arms crept round her neck and—
"You are Art and Love, my child!"

VANCE THOMPSON.

THOSE great calm eyes that gaze so luminously through spectacles on the first page of THE MUSICAL COURIER this week are a fair presentment of Philip Hale's. Of this same picture I once wrote in a mood of madness: "This is Philip Hale. Condemned by the cruel Tsar Chance, he makes exquisite and fluted prose for musical mediocrities in the drab town of Boston. He is a genius harnessed to a newspaper, Beauty mated in inky commerce with the Beach. Some strange night he will unfold his sonorous wings and whirr his way to New York, to Mlle. New York, and then his incomparable voice shall shout in ivory-molded tones on the house tops. But, alas! he drags sullen anchor in drab Boston town."

All of which shows what foolish things young men can write if you only give them rope enough. I fear that Mr. Hale's amiable and gifted wife supposed I alluded to her as a "sullen anchor," and Mr. Hale was overheard saying "rats" when he read the above. Well, strange nights have come, have passed, and Mr. Hale still remains in Boston, although he has passed several evenings here and flapped his sonorous wings at Luchow's. And the waiter never mistook the order.

* * *

There has been going the rounds a horrible tale of the undoing of Philip Hale by Max Heinrich. As both these boys are personal friends I made inquiries and got at the bottom of the story. Since his row with a Hartford paper Mr. Heinrich has been naturally enough sensitive, and mistook a pure bit of fun for malice on the part of Mr. Hale. He told him of it at the St. Botolph Club, in Boston, and was shown his error by good-natured Philip. There was no nose pulling, no punching, no horse whipping, yet such is the power of the rumor that here in New York we heard of a hideous combat, of gore, of roars, of hell generally.

Now I know the power of Max Heinrich's right arm, also the clutch of his left hand, for we fought a good old-fashioned fight over ten years ago at the corner of Eighteenth street and Third avenue. It was brief and I went slowly to my bed. The next day the sun rode high in heaven and a cable message from the Metropolitan Opera House bade me to a lunch and Heinrich. The affair was forgotten. But it seems to me that Hale is built of sterner metal and any man might well reconsider a decision to storm this critic's Santiago. However, there's nothing in the story and both men speak as they pass by.

* * *

I have re-read "Evelyn Innes." I like it better as a story and less as a psychological exposition of a musical individuality. Evelyn is a woman with

the ordinary vices of an opera singer, but the whys and wherefores of her artist soul are not clearly set forth. The fact is Mr. Moore is not quite master of his material. My second reading brought to view many curious slips. The performance of "Tristan" music on a harpsichord and its thrilling effects on Evelyn is supremely silly. Have you ever heard the tone of a harpsichord? As well talk of Richard Strauss on a zither and dramatic meanings! And then Mr. Moore's grammar is weird at times. Slips pure and simple, but funny ones for Moore.

Balzac, great, glowing genius that he was, wrote absurdly of music. Even Mr. Moore acknowledges it, and he is a Balzac worshiper of the first rank.

What I can't understand about Evelyn is her ability to sing Brünnhilde, Isolde and Kundry with that light, high voice of hers. And then fancy sending her to Mathilde Marchesi to study! Marchesi grows purple if you mention Wagner! Evelyn's attack on religion seems very insincere, or is it Mr. Moore's presentation of it.

The best good luck that could have befallen Mr. Moore was the exclusion of "Evelyn Innes" from the railway stands controlled by the Smiths. Fancy the great, pure British public with its papers full of unmentionable scandals shying at Mr. Moore! Isn't it a sweet joke. The vulgarities of Hall Caine and Marie Corelli are tolerated, but Mr. Moore must be taught a lesson if he will persist in writing that an opera singer's life is perilous to morals. Oh, la, la!

* * *

As we asserted some months ago, the *Saturday Review's* attitude toward America was not with the consent of Frank Harris. I remember writing that Editor Harris must have been sick, and now Harold Frederic in last Sunday's *Times* confirms this guess. He wrote:

"Since the *Saturday Review* to-day makes in defensively ambiguous language an editorial explanation of its about face on the Hispano-American conflict it seems proper to tell the exact story. The editor and owner of the paper, Frank Harris, was away ill in the south of France on a driving tour for six weeks or more. The paper was left in charge of some youngsters, who, partly through ignorance and partly, it would seem, through a personal grudge, thought it would be smart to run amuck at all things American. When finally some weeks ago Harris saw a copy of the *Review* he telegraphed to the office a comminatory message, of which one sentence was: 'I have a feeling that the Americans are at least human beings.' The climb down began shortly thereafter and is now formally accomplished. The whole affair turned upon the accident that Harris, who spent his youth in America, was admitted to the bar of the State of Kansas, and has written one of the best volumes of Western stories in our literature, happened to be invalided and absent at a critical moment."

* * *

I had clipped from the *Saturday Review* Mr. Harris' enthusiastic commentary of Rodin's Balzac, but as it was published in the *Sunday Sun* and *Tribune* I shall not give it space now. Here is what Rodin told an interviewer of the *Paris Figaro*:

"For my own part I feel that I have realized my conception absolutely. I wished to show the great worker haunted by night with an idea, and rising to transcribe it at his writing desk. I thought of him as foreseeing the new attacks that he would be submitted to, and braving them, disdaining them. Maybe my hand has betrayed me. In my mind modern sculpture should not be mere photography. The artist should not work only with his hand, but, above all, with his brain. But have I succeeded in expressing what I wished to express? The truth is I am too intimate with my work to judge of it impartially. If I could go a year without seeing it I might be freed from my personality, and then I

could judge of it as a stranger. The only thing that strikes me to-day is that the neck is too thick. It seemed to me that I ought to make it thick, for in my opinion modern sculpture should exaggerate forms for abstract reasons. By this exaggerated neck I would represent strength. I recognize now that in the execution I exceeded my idea. But, after all, have you viewed my statue from a distance of about twenty paces to the right?"

Aha! it is just those "twenty paces to the right" that the critics refuse to take. I know the same sort of critics in the world of music, and the twenty paces to the right are seldom taken. The correct recipe for viewing a modern work of art, let it be music, modeling or verse, is to turn your back and walk slowly away, all the while wearing a cynical sneer on your left upper lip. It is very effective with the *hoi polloi*.

The Chicago *Record* says that some time ago a young organist secured permission to practice on the big organ in the Auditorium. An elderly man walked in and took a seat a few rows away from the musician. The young organist noticed him and was encouraged to "show off" and do a few tricks of playing for his audience. He rambled on for an hour, and the elderly man sat there, apparently impressed. The young man tired at last and was about to lock the organ when the elderly man approached him and said in broken English that he wished to play for a few minutes. "They don't allow anyone but an experienced organist to touch the instrument," said the young man, loftily. With a little gesture, suggestive of meekness and humility, the stranger presented his card: "Alexandre Guilmant, Paris." Then it was time for the young organist to swoon. He had missed the chance of his life. For an hour he had been entertaining the great master with home-made drivel.

The above reminds me of the anecdote related by Inaz Moscheles. He was worried by a young man in an adjoining room trying to play the "Invitation to the Valse." At last Moscheles' nerves gave away and he rushed into his neighbor's apartment, pushed him off the piano stool and dashed into the "Valse," introducing all the difficulties he could contrive. Naturally the poor fellow was scared and kept quiet ever after.

Now, I think that sort of thing is cruel. Many a talent could be nipped by such a frosty and selfish proceeding.

From the *Evening Sun*:

According to a description of the apartment of M. Brisson, the new French Premier, "the piano of Mme. Brisson, who is musical, takes up a good deal of space; between it and the bookcases there is not much room." That suggests Harlem. It would be interesting to know if the Brisson family is popular with its neighbors.

The mention of the *Evening Sun* reminds me that Acton Davies, its dramatic critic, is at Santiago, doing good work for the *Morning Sun*.

A distinguished musician was waited upon one day in his study by a rather seedy-looking stranger, who said to him, with what seemed to be genuine emotion:

"May a humble brother musician claim your sympathy for one moment? I don't ask you to give me anything, but will you lend a dollar or two? You can command \$10 a lesson, or as much more as you choose to ask, while I think myself fortunate

if I can get a pupil now and then at a half-dollar sitting."

"My friend," said the other, touched by this appeal, "perhaps I can help you better than by lending you money. What is your branch of music?"

"I give lessons on the violin."

"Well, we will see what you can do. Here is a violin. I will sit down to the piano and we will play a duet."

He whipped a fine violin from its case, handed it to the stranger, seated himself at the piano and placed a sheet of music before him.

The caller rasped the bow across the strings, leaned forward, looked at the composition and shook his head.

"Sharps?" he said. "Sharps? I never play in sharps."

The distinguished musician took the violin from him, replaced it in its case and coldly remarked:

"My friend, what you need is a job as night watchman in a soap factory."

"Will you get it for me?" eagerly asked the caller.

This delightfully silly story was in the *Youths' Companion*.

A foolish story was started last week that Mrs. James Brown Potter would furnish evidence for divorce proceedings if her husband gave her two old silver candlesticks, some valuable laces and other heirlooms belonging to her and in his possession. A house at Tuxedo is also to be released. As this house—so Mrs. Potter informed me—was given her by Pierre Lorillard, and as Mr. Potter has occupied it every year, she is, she thinks, entitled to back rent. Of course the divorce story crops up at intervals, but when Mr. Potter is ready he will go ahead. He says he is not yet ready.

Carl Streitmann, the tenor, once beloved of Betty Gerard and—well, admired by Lilly Killarney Russell, has been sued by a Frau Marie Schwartz for the return of a lot of jewelry she gave him during a fever of admiration. This is not the first time that German tenors have evinced a disinclination to return jewelry lent them by ladies. I could mention several instances.

What a nice family! Read this from the *Sun*:

"Hugo dirty linen has just been washed in a Paris police court, M. Jean Charcot being fined \$10 for slapping his brother-in-law, M. Georges Hugo, in the face. It happened at the performance of Victor Hugo's "La Grand'mère" at the Odéon and was the result of the quarrels between Jeanne Hugo and her brother, the two children who inspired all of Hugo's "Grandpère" verse. Georges disapproved of his sister's divorcing Léon Daudet, son of Alphonse, and has ostentatiously paraded his friendship for his ex-brother-in-law. The Odéon performance brought out the whole Hugo family and their friends. In one box sat Jeanne with her new husband, Dr. Charcot's son, and in a neighboring box her brother with her ex-husband. M. Charcot, feeling affronted at M. Daudet's presence, left his box to request M. Hugo to turn him out; they met in the lobby, and after calling each other names M. Charcot slapped M. Hugo. He refused to accept a challenge from him the next day on the ground that they were too closely related. The police court remained as the only tribunal which would save the family honor. In imposing the fine the judge explained that it was made a small one on account of the provocation given to his sister by M. Georges Hugo."

I have heard of "nerve," but Mr. Charcot seems actually burdened with it. He ought to go to the front as a war correspondent. I fancy one reason for his rage against Léon Daudet—besides being

the second husband of his wife—is because Daudet's astringent novel, "Les Morticoles," strongly attacks the medical profession, of which Charcot's father is such a distinguished member. Anyhow, the incidents will relieve Paris—if but temporarily—of the ennui of discussing the bombardment of Washington by the Spanish and the Dreyfus affair.

Bernard Shaw has fallen upon a series of catastrophes, says an exchange. Some time ago he had to undergo a painful operation on his foot; now, in trying to go down stairs on crutches, he fell—the banisters of the upper landing at which he snatched gave way—and came down into the hall heavily, breaking his left arm. He is now in a fair way to recovery, which he attributes entirely to vegetarianism.

So Mr. Shaw has had other troubles than matrimony. I forgot last week to tell you that despite his cynicism, his lycanthropy and his continual snarling at humanity he is in private life one of the best hearted of men. The English actress Janet Achurch told me that Shaw is the most charitable man in London. He gives away all he makes, and like most pessimists is desperately enamored of seeing other people happy.

I had another American pupil last year, says Maud Valerie White, the English song writer, whom I distinctly preferred, *i. e.*, my next-door neighbor, Mme. De Navarro, Mary Anderson that was. After a few lessons she sang my song "The Throstle" as well as I ever wish to hear it sung. There is one phrase in the song which I shall always connect with her, firstly because she sang it really beautifully, and secondly because once when I suggested that she wasn't singing it lightly enough for the English throstle she said I was quite right, it certainly was a good deal more like the American eagle!

However, Miss White has no objection, I presume, to accepting certain yellow pieces of gold stamped with the image of that same screaming bird of freedom.

Musical criticism is not without its dangers in Paris, says the *Commercial Advertiser*. One of the papers there accused a certain singer of cheating the public by producing her "top notes" not with the voice, but by means of a sort of popgun concealed in the bosom of her dress. The singer brought suit against the paper and got a verdict in her favor.

And quite right, too!

Here is a side of the Wagner situation in London that no one dreamed of here. In the *Evening Sun*, in the cleverly written "Feminine Fancies," I found this startling tale:

"We have had reports from the recent Covent Garden performances of Wagner; what of the clothes that were worn at those performances and concerning which all London was so greatly exercised? The trouble was an old one, being rooted in British conservatism. The Wagner performances lasted from 4 in the afternoon to 10 in the evening, with an hour's intermission about 6 for dinner, and if there was one thing more abhorrent to the smart Londoner than appearing at Covent Garden in anything but evening clothes, it was the idea of appearing on the street in those evening clothes before dinner. With conservatism thus pulling two ways the strain upon the British conscience was, as may be imagined, terrible. For weeks prior to the opening of the opera season the papers, in letters from every sort and condition of correspondent, discussed the problem. Some argued for the sacrilege of morning clothes at Covent Garden, others for the

ignominy of appearing on the street like a waiter; in all cases was it debated ponderously, gravely, almost reverentially, as became those who were debating it. One ingenious man suggested that at the first performance everybody should come in evening clothes and then wait to see what everybody else did. The discussion was chiefly carried on by men; 'women,' as one correspondent observed, 'being more able to effect a compromise. For them any dainty, light-colored gown would suffice, but for man, evening clothes or not evening clothes—that was the question.' Another, with a grain more of humor than the rest, pointed out that many of the individuals carrying on the discussion had been in the habit of attending the Bayreuth performances in any old rig they chose without a qualm. There was, indeed, but one consoling thing about the whole debate; it was at least more sensible than most of the discussions which London papers indulge in in the course of the silly season. What to wear at the Wagner opera may sound trivial, but it has its merits when compared with the 'Proper Age to Love,' &c. Meanwhile, those of us on this side of the Atlantic who watched the problem's progress with bated breath are eager to hear how it was actually solved. It is all very well to learn that Eames was beautiful and Melba melodious; what we want to know is how the audience, after all that solemn pow-wow upon the subject, was dressed."

* * *

This is becoming exciting. Last week in my endeavor to correct the billboard of Wallach's I spelt Alice Nielsen's name wrong. This is the final way, I hope, unless the types spill the e's and i's in the wrong position again.

* * *

There is a new story going the rounds—but no, it will keep until next week.

Lillie Bergh at Omaha.

Miss Lillie d'Angelo Bergh has been engaged to give a song recital at the Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition at Omaha. She was specially invited by the committee on entertainment.

Inez Grenelli at the New York State Music Teachers' Association.

None of those who participated in the concerts of the New York State Music Teachers' Association at Binghamton week before last received a finer ovation than that accorded to Miss Inez Grenelli. Below are given a few of the notices which appeared in the local newspapers:

It would be foolhardy to question the artistic status of Miss Grenelli, who already numbers many admirers in Binghamton. Her sweet, pure voice has an irresistible charm that quickly awakens the sympathies and appreciation of her audience, and her efforts this morning received just recognition.—Binghamton Leader, June 28.

Miss Inez Grenelli, a charming young lady with a sweet soprano voice, sang "Casta Diva," by Bellini, with a purity of tone that enchanted her audience. She added greatly to her success of the first morning.—Binghamton Leader, June 30.

Miss Grenelli's clear, sweet soprano proved as enjoyable as heretofore. She adapted her voice with a remarkable ease to various kinds of songs, and with her attractive manner made herself an instant favorite. Both numbers were encored. She sang Mascagni's "He Loves Me—Loves Me Not" in a bewitching, dainty way, and with a facial expression that completely captured her hearers and made her more of a favorite than ever.—Binghamton Chronicle, July 2, 1898.



CINCINNATI, July 16, 1898.

LOUIS SCHWEBEL, who is a child of the Conservatory of Music, having begun and finished his studies at that institution, returned this week from Europe, where he studied for three seasons under the best instructors. For the first season Mr. Schwebel studied under De Beriot, son of the great De Beriot and Malibran. Next he entered the Royal High School at Berlin, where for one season he enjoyed the instruction of Herr Von Petersen.

But most of his time was spent under De Pachmann, this most unique and original of European pianists. Mr. Schwebel in Cincinnati was a pupil of Theodore Bohlmann and previously of George Magrath at the Conservatory.

In the same steamer with Mr. Schwebel came Miss Josie Kinsinger, who returns to her native city after a sojourn of three seasons in Europe. Miss Josie Kinsinger continued her studies on the harp under Wilhelm Posse, court harpist to the Emperor of Germany.

The board of trustees of the College of Music held a meeting a few days ago, and decided to cover the deficit of last year, amounting to \$3,000. This was done by the individual donations of the members and friends of the college. A new impetus is being given the college affairs, and there is every reason to believe that the number of pupils will be increased for the next year.

The closing exercises of the Doerner Piano School presented the following programs:

Septet in E flat, op. 20.....Beethoven
Tema con Variazioni, Scherzo, Presto.
Misses Cosgrove, Hulman, Bezell and Ewing.
Polonaise.....Wieniawski
Mrs. Von Seggern.

Were I a Gardener.....Chaminade
Spinning.....Cowan
Miss L'Hommedieu.

Minuet de l'Arlesienne.....Bizet
Minuet.....Scharwenka
March Militaire.....Schubert
Misses Ewing, Cosgrove, Hulman and Bezell.

Zigeunerweisen.....Sarasate
Mrs. Von Seggern.

Mignon.....d'Hardelot
May Morning.....Denza
Miss L'Hommedieu.

March from Fantaisie, op. 49.....Chopin
Alla Polacca (aus Serenade, op. 18).....Beethoven
Rakoczy March.....Berlioz
Misses Bezell, Hulman, Cosgrove and Ewing.

* * *

Piano Duet.....Kullak
Miss Cecilia Harris, First Part.

Minuet.....Ravina
Miss Anna Lea Rothier.

Sonata in B flat, for four hands.....Mozart
Allegro, Adagio, Presto.

Misses Effie Irvin and Wena Hempfling.

Rondo in E flat, op. 11.....Hummel
Miss Wena Hempfling.

Sonata in D for two pianos.....Mozart
Second movement, Andante.

Miss Anna C. Hummel, first piano.

Impromptu, op. 90, No. 4.....Schubert
Miss Rose Goldamer.

Concerto in E flat (orchestral part on second piano).....Mozart
First movement, Allegro.

Walter Larabee.

Am Genfer See (Mondscheinfahrt).....Bendel
Miss Fannie P. Whaley.

Sonata in C for four hands.....Mozart
First movement, Allegro.
Miss May Jenner, First Part.
Sonata in F minor, op. 2, No. 1.....Beethoven
Two movements, Adagio, Allegro.
Miss Toots Hannah.
Rondo in E flat (with second piano accompaniment).....Weber
Miss Anna E. Pierce.
Sonata in B flat for two pianos.....Clementi
Two movements, Larghetto, Presto.
Miss Helen Balsley, First Piano.
Impromptu (Les Deux Alouettes).....Leschetizky
Miss Helen Balsley.
Concerto in D minor (orchestral parts on second piano).....Mozart
Romanze and Rondo.
Carl Seehausen.

* * *

The presentation of diploma and certificates was made by Frank A. Lee, of the John Church Company. The awards were as follows: Diploma, with highest distinction, Miss Anna Hulman, Terre Haute, Ind.; certificate, Miss Anna C. Hummel, Cincinnati, Ohio; certificate, Miss Annie E. Pierce, Logan, Ohio.

Mr. Doerner's pupils showed the results of the highest art endeavor and artistic training. The first year of the Doerner Piano School was an unqualified success.

J. A. HOMAN.

Joseph B. Zellman.

Shannon's Twenty-third Regiment Band has been giving some interesting concerts to large crowds at Prospect Park. Last Saturday and Sunday the concerts were heard by more than 10,000 people. The most admired of the soloists who took part in these concerts was Joseph B. Zellman, the basso cantante, who sang several selections. Mr. Zellman's singing aroused much enthusiasm. His voice, an exceptionally good one, has been judiciously cultivated. He is to be heard in other concerts given by Shannon's fine band this summer.

Mlle. Henriette S. Corradi.

During her summer vacation Mlle. Henriette S. Corradi will pass a short time in Canada and at the Thousand Islands. Recently she visited Norwich, Conn., and the Bulletin of that city gave her this appreciative notice:

Mlle. Henriette S. Corradi, officier D'Academie Musicque, Paris, France, and chairman of the Woman's Press Club, New York city, with her pupil, Mrs. Leila Troland-Gardner, made a flying visit to Norwich on Monday afternoon, and were entertained by Mrs. John Troland. During the evening Mlle. Corradi favored her hostess' party with inspiring selections from her extensive repertory.

Ferdinand Dunkley at Baldwinsville.

The organ recital given recently at Baldwinsville, N. Y., by Ferdinand Dunkley was very successful, as the following notices will show:

Last Friday evening Ferdinand Dunkley, of Albany, gave an organ recital at the Presbyterian Church. The program included selections from Wagner, Grieg, Schumann and Saint-Saens, each number being given in a masterly manner. Mr. Dunkley is an organist of national repute and delighted the audience with his technic and delicacy of expression.—Baldwinsville Era.

The organ selections were by Ferdinand Dunkley, of Albany, an organist whose ability all judges of the classical and higher are in music readily concede.—Baldwinsville Gazette.

De Zielinski.

Jaroslav de Zielinski, always an interesting pianist, won great praises recently in Chicago and Lafayette, Ind., where he gave recitals of Russian and Polish composers before the Music Teachers' Association. Following was the program he played:

Prelude in C sharp minor, op. 3, No. 2.....S. Rachmaninoff
Gavotte, op. 4, No. 2.....W. Spellnikoff
Concert Study.....A. Glazounoff
Prelude in D, op. 13, No. 1.....Anatole Liadoff
Mazurka, op. 11.....Anatole Liadoff
Nocturne, op. 75, No. 8.....Anton Rubinstein
Polonaise, op. 72.....Peter Tschaiowsky
Prelude, op. 8, No. 2.....Henri Pachulski
Bigarrure, op. 20, No. 1.....Anton Arenski
Valse, op. 36.....Anton Arenski
Impromptu, op. 40, No. 1.....Casar Cui
Moment Fugitif, op. 5, No. 3.....Emil Mlynarski

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MAX SPICKER and others.

SUMMER TERM, MAY 2d to AUGUST 12.

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS.

SINGING—September 1 (Thursday), from 9 A. M. to 12 M., 2 to 5 P. M. and 8 to 10 P. M.
VIOLIN, VIOLA, CELLO, CONTRABASS, HARP—September 2 (Friday), 10 A. M. 12 M. WOOD INSTRUMENTS—2 to 4 P. M.
PIANO AND ORGAN—September 5 (Tuesday), 10 to 12 M. and 2 to 4 P. M.
CHILDREN'S DAY—September 10 (Saturday), PIANO AND VIOLIN—9 A. M. to 12 M.
ORCHESTRA—September 15 (Thursday), 2 to 4 P. M.

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130 Kearny Street,
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., July 13, 1898.

A PLEA FOR TEACHERS.

HALF of the teachers would not be musical frauds if they could help themselves. I do not now refer to the teachers of our large cities, where the education of the orchestra, the oratorio, the concert reaches.

In the first place, a good, honest, capable teacher has to meet the competition of young girls who "really don't need it, you know—just for pin money"—and it is pin money; the pupil is getting "stuck" right along. She is a member of some church, and people who ought to know better will say, "Well, you see, I wanted Elinor to study with a good teacher, but this girl is in our church, you know"—and there it goes.

Then there is the nervous mamma who thinks it quite a torture to hear those horrible finger exercises; Mrs. — doesn't give them, and she studied in Boston, don't you know." Now, there is just one of two things: You will have to stop giving those finger exercises or give up the pupil. This is all well enough if you are able to, but if it means bread to you what are you going to do about it? Are you going to give up the pupil? Do you think about the contemptible gossip of a small town? No, you don't realize that inside of twenty-four hours all your pupils' parents will have held an indignation meeting over your temerity, and they will decide that you are getting along too well—had things your own way too long, taught those horrible sonatinas and exercises instead of "nice little pieces." Ugh! I shudder at the words "nice little pieces."

When you are engaged (some of them call it "hired") the first thing you are told is: "Now, just have things your own way; I always let my teachers have their own way, and if ever my little one won't practice we'll give up right away, because I won't fuss about it." There's consolation to start on. Did anybody ever know a pupil who never grew tired of practice? For all information regarding such a pupil the writer will be thankful, being much interested in curios.

Then you begin and everything is very smooth for about a month. Then comes the question, "When are you going to give him a little piece?" This strikes terror to the heart of the teacher, for to him, her, or it, the vision of the finale is distinct. Tell this anxious mamma that it will be very soon—only to trust your judgment; that the little one is doing nicely. But mamma after four weeks of this will tell you that the little girl down the street plays a nice piano arrangement (I love piano arrangements) of "Annie Rooney" or "Old Hundred," and that's the kind of music she wants, and, besides, he does not need two lessons a week; one is enough. Remonstrate if you will that he will lose interest, but to no avail; that little one will be down to one-half hour a week, and you will hear rumors that his mother was just keeping you because she hated to turn you off; that he wasn't learning anything anyhow, and that she heard that you were writing music, and she didn't want any teachers who had such things on their minds.

You may think this a solitary case. It is not. It is every-day experience, and the experience of all teachers in

smaller towns, and this is why my whole sympathy is for the teacher, because I know that he has such ignorance against him that he cannot stand up against; that he must crush art and teach tunes and such rot; that he himself no longer remembers that music is grand and noble, it has become such a matter of ignominy to him; he has fallen from his worship of art to the daily grind of keeping his clientèle. Reading of art in other places is only a source of torture to him; he gives this up. What matter to him who has written a symphony; little he cares who are the leading artists; how much difference does it make to him what good teachers are doing, he has sunk out of their reach; he no longer studies natures; he says to the pupil, "What do you want? Get it, and I'll give it to you." This is an every-day example of the young, ambitious teacher, torn to pieces, limb by limb, by the ignorance of the people.

How can this dreadful condition be relieved? There is a problem to solve, a more serious one than the opera question. It is not a matter of the teacher's capacity. In the locality of which I speak I know of dozens of first-class teachers, but how are they treated? Ask them. Verily, your heart would bleed to know their trials.

I am responsible for the truth of every word, as those teachers whom I left struggling with these conditions can testify. Is it not enough to make them bitter and jealous and small and indifferent? I can only say, God help the teacher in a community small enough not to know its own ignorance, where any servant is master of the situation, and any music teacher is a football.

ALTHOUGH some time has elapsed since the occurrence of one of the largest Red Cross entertainments that has ever been given, I cannot refrain from giving some account of the choral and orchestral concert given at the MacDonough Theatre, in Oakland, and my readers will understand that the National Edition was the cause of the delay.

The following talent participated: 1897 C. E. Concert Chorus, First Methodist Church Orchestra, Alma Berglund, soprano; Putnam Griswold, basso cantante; Mrs. Carroll-Nicholson, contralto; Mrs. Annis Montague Turner, soprano; John W. Metcalf, pianist; James Politt, organist; Llewellyn Hughes, violinist; Mrs. Harriet Hale-Crafts, Margaret Cameron-Smith, Constance Jordan, Robert C. Newell, accompanists.

It was a fine concert and I have not much desire to criticise it from any point, except, as I have said of other concerts, there was too much variety. Why, for instance, did J. M. Robinson, Fred H. Clark and A. M. Benham take turns at conducting when A. M. Benham trained the large and magnificent chorus and it rightfully belonged to him. No two conductors brought out the same effects and the different personalities of the conductors were trying upon the singers and upon the audience.

The orchestra, consisting of male and female amateurs under direction of Alex. T. Stewart, did very acceptable work and made one realize that Stewart is doing good work with them. Mrs. Montague Turner sang several

patriotic songs and let her patriotic fire burn out her vocal timbre.

Mrs. Carroll-Nicholson has a beautiful contralto voice, with a very full, brilliant quality on the upper register. She sang Gounod's "O Divine Redeemer," and a dainty encore. Miss Berglund's flexible light soprano was heard to a great advantage in "Dolce Amor," by Emilio Pizzi, and John W. Metcalf, who always is enjoyable, was especially so in a Brahms Hungarian Dance and a Strauss-Gruenfeld concert paraphrase of the "Persian March." I did not know the encore that he granted to the insistent demand, but from its delicacy, melody and general style I imagine it was one of his own compositions.

John Walling, with Sherman, Clay & Co., of Oakland, has written a dainty little ballad entitled "Love Came Tapping At My Window." It is very melodious and contains much originality. It is published by Presser, of Philadelphia. Mr. Walling is not seeing his name in print for the first time, by any means; he has written a good many "hits."

In my account of the evening spent at Madame von Meyerinck's, mention was inadvertently omitted of the delightful zither playing of Charles Mayer, Jr. Mr. Mayer is one who desires to give dignity to the instrument to which he is perfectly devoted, and works in the better grades of music; at the same time he is a harmony and theory student, that he may fully enjoy the privilege of being termed a musician.

A delightful evening was given at the Hamlin School, one of the most exclusive young ladies' schools in the West. The entertainment was furnished by Miss Clark, who was heard in dramatic readings. Miss Clark was assisted by Mrs. Hugh Simes in a comedieta, which was charmingly given by both young ladies, who are pupils of Mrs. Poulsen, of this institution. The pleasure of the evening was further heightened by a couple of piano soli by Miss Gertrude Clarke, a most highly creditable MacDowell pupil, here on a short visit. Miss Clarke played MacDowell numbers, and there seems to be a strong desire to hear her in a more public way, where she may have the opportunity of showing what an American training may be, and especially a MacDowell training.

Miss Sarah Hamlin is expected back this week from the East, where she visited Boston, her old home. Miss Hamlin is of the above-mentioned school, and is one of the most brilliantly educated women on the Coast; as are all of the women on the faculty of this school.

The Hamlin School will reopen August 1, and it is a boon to those out of town desiring a classical education, combined with the most refined social intercourse, as this school's musicales, under the direction of Miss Constance Jordan, the resident music teacher, have been most successful last season, and they will be continued.

H. M. Bosworth is a deep thinker, in addition to which he is of exceptional originality. After a conversation with him upon music from a general standpoint and then from the point of the theorist I was not astonished to find in him a man who has searched and researched the philosophies, the bases and the raisons d'être for everything.

In his researches and the desire to make things palpable, tangible and simple Mr. Bosworth has evolved a chart which I think must command both attention and admiration when he will give it to the public. Elucidation upon this I would scarcely care to give until he has it securely copyrighted, after which I shall take great pleasure in discussing that which interested me intensely.

Lying on the counter of the store of Sherman, Clay & Co. I found a device invented by R. A. Luchesi, of this city. It is for the purpose of stretching the fingers and making them more pliable. It is very simple, ingenious and without doubt useful.

Henry Clay Wysham, a venerable flutist of this city, has left on my desk a little volume upon the "Evolution of the

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Boehm Flute," which he has written and compiled. It contains portraits and sketches of many of the flute virtuosi of the past and present and interesting reading concerning an instrument the history of which is too little known.

Adolph Locher, of whose talent as composer I have written before, has written an "Ave Maria" which is often played at the Baldwin Grotto, Ferdinand Stark assuming the violin solo. The composition is beautiful and is well made.

It is not often that an orchestra which dispenses music at a restaurant is accorded mention with music of the concert room, but so exceptional is this orchestra that it must of necessity be spoken of when the music of San Francisco is mentioned. Under the direction of Ferdinand Stark, who is a violinist of rare magnetism, this orchestra of ten men has made the Baldwin Grotto the most popular resort on the Coast, and indeed many local writers are indebted to Mr. Stark for superb presentations of their compositions. It is not saying too much to repeat that the magnetism that marks Stark's playing is so great that in his genre he stands alone.

At the Louvre, a house of the same description, John Marquardt, the well-known violinist and director, has an orchestra that is drawing great crowds, as Marquardt and his talented wife are decided favorites here. The personnel of Marquardt's orchestra is as follows: Messrs. Lind, Baumgaertel, Callinau, Bracamonte, Goerlich, Bridges, Zimer, Cruells and Zoberbier. Every Tuesday evening there is a harp solo by Mrs. Breitschuck Marquardt.

Beatrice Priest Fine has been singing in a few concerts in the vicinity of San Francisco and has been meeting with no end of success. The following clipping from the press of Sacramento will give some idea of what impression she makes upon her audiences:

Mrs. Beatrice Priest-Fine was warmly received, and sang, as she always does, with voice, interpretation and method all most artistic. One always feels, after Mrs. Fine has sung, that she "never sang better." Her spontaneous gaiety in the merry songs, the note of tenderness with which she invests songs of sentiment, her ability to accomplish her intentions without apparent difficulty, her winning presence, and last and best, her naturally beautiful voice, which holds no trace of tremolo even when vibrating with feeling—all these have combined to make her a favorite on our concert stage to-day. The Coast will lose her before many months, as she will go to New York in the autumn.

Miss Anna Miller Wood arrived on Monday night from Boston, where she has been residing for several years. Miss Wood is well known and appreciated here in San Francisco, her former home. Miss Wood will take a short vacation, and then will give herself to teaching and to concert work until November. Miss Wood is an exponent of Madame Rosewald's method, and many of the former pupils of this favorite teacher are eager to avail themselves of Miss Wood's presence in the city.

Miss Hilda Newman, who has just returned to America from Vienna, where she was studying with Leschetitzky, is expected home soon, and many are on the qui vive to hear what Vienna has done for this talented young pianist.

Miss Rose Adler is another young signer soon to return to San Francisco from abroad; when the times comes appropriate notice will be given the débuts of these young ladies in the columns of THE MUSICAL COURIER.

San Francisco always seems interested in the kindly notices accorded the different artists and students abroad

by the correspondents of THE MUSICAL COURIER in the different art centres of Europe. Fanny Francesca, Rose Neumann, Denis O'Sullivan, Marie Barna, Meta Asher and Harry Samuels are all San Francisco exports.

Miss Grace Edmunds called at this office with Miss Anna Miller Wood. Miss Edmunds is a pupil of Arthur Foote, of Boston, and I have already taken the occasion to speak of her charming accompaniments.

Miss Roper, a very talented pupil of Madame von Meyerinck, has gone to Ashland, Ore., to sing at the Chataqua Association now in session there. Miss Roper has a beautiful voice, a fine method and superb style; in fact, both teacher and pupil call forth admiration whenever she is heard.

Anton Schott is in Portland, Ore., where he is teaching for a few months. Robert Tolmie is having an absolute rest in Humboldt County. This is the conventional "much needed rest," for Tolmie is rightly one of the busiest men in San Francisco, and one who uses all of his strength and earnestness in the discharge of his duty, as a hearing of any of his pupils will reveal. It is to be hoped that we may have the opportunity to hear him in concert this season, for my remembrances of his pianism in the past are very happy ones.

Giulio Minetti, who has not given himself the rest that he should have taken, is devoting those hours which are not given to his pupils to keeping up and adding to his repertory, already very large and intensely important.

As a violinist of importance Minetti easily takes rank with any in the country. It would be a distinct loss to San Francisco were he not heard with orchestra this season in some of the works of magnitude which are at his command.

Louis Lisser and family are still enjoying the rest and the benefits derived from Gualala, and will not return yet for a few weeks. It is safe to say that Lisser's friends are enjoying this rest as much as he himself, because he is held in very warm affection by those who know the seriousness and the unselfishness with which he works for music, its advancement and the advancement of worthy coworkers.

Henry Heymann, while summering in Highland Springs, Lake County, after a remarkably busy season, is nursing a severe case of "poison oak," contracted during a delightful visit at the "Montefalda," Cloverdale.

Owing to the turbulence of affairs on the Pacific C. H. Randall did not go to Hawaii, as he anticipated, but remained in the city, where he has been teaching right along. He now contemplates a week at Lake Tahoe.

Mary Alverta Morse is in Portland, Ore., where she has been delighting her friends by giving them glimpses of what they may hope for when she gives her song recital.

Mrs. Ada Weigl Powers has taken up her summer abode in Belvedere, where some of her ambitious pupils come and where she is practicing with earnestness.

Miss Ida Diserens is resting at Santa Cruz Mountains. Miss Diserens' special mission on earth seems to have been fulfilled in the line of work which she is doing. To one who knows her placid reasoning power, her deliberate determination, her conscientious respect for that which is wholesome in music, in addition to her originality of thought, the benefit of contact with her is obvious. Miss Diserens' personality is one not easily forgotten.

Frank C. Schernstein, for some time past with Sherman, Clay & Co., is the first one to depart for pastures new, that is, the new American field. Mr. Schernstein has gone to Honolulu to reside, where he has accepted a position with Wall, Nicholl & Co.

L. A. Flynn, one of the best known and most popular men in the sheet music departments of San Francisco,

has just returned from his vacation, looking well and sun-burned, and is at his post at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, much to the delight of his customers, who are accustomed to getting anything they want by just humming or whistling it to Mr. Flynn.

Mr. Bruitt is another man whose vast musical knowledge is of great value to the teachers and musicians of San Francisco.

Miss Dora Feldheim, vice-president of the Clavier Club, is summering in the mountains. Miss Feldheim is a very clever young pianist, whose poetic interpretations bespeak the musician's mind. She is studying with S. G. Fleishman, whose superb work as teacher is widely known. Much of Fleishman's work lies among teachers, as in this case, for Miss Feldheim has a class of considerable size.

The Clavier Club is composed of some of San Francisco's best amateur pianists, who under the direction and instruction of S. G. Fleishman are engaged in the study of ensemble music. Active participants are: Edith Bien, president; Dora Feldheim, vice-president; Adelaide McColgan, secretary; Mrs. Rebecca Abrahams, treasurer; Stella Brinn, Elizabeth Wade, Mrs. Wm. Deane, Mrs. David Hirschler, Mrs. Sidney Liebes, Mrs. Frank Fredericks and Mrs. Charles E. Ker.

There are numerous clubs working on musical lines; most of them are exclusively women's clubs. The Chaminade Club, of which Miss Maud Smith is president, is probably the largest of those devoted to music. Detail of this club will be given later.

EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.

Mr. and Mrs. Karl Feininger.

These excellent artists are passing the summer at Westport, Conn. They will return to New York about the middle of September.

Ovide Musin.

Ovide Musin, the violinist, will sail for America on the 25th of this month, and will open his violin school in this city during the first week in August.

Handel and Haydn Society, Boston, Mass.

Reinhold L. Hermann, the well-known conductor and composer, has been elected director of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, Mass.

Death of Mrs. Emma Hahr-Dobbs.

Mrs. Emma Hahr-Dobbs, the distinguished Southern pianist, died last Friday in Marietta, Ga., after a short sickness. She was the wife of Col. James M. Dobbs, late United States Consul at Valparaiso, Chili, and had but recently removed from that city to her Georgia home.

Mrs. Dobbs came of a musical family, her father and mother both being prominent musicians. Her uncle, Fred Hahr, of Richmond, Va., is widely known as a composer and pianist. Mrs. Dobbs studied with Karl Klindworth for six or eight years, and he esteemed her as one of the most gifted pupils he had ever taught. Year before last she spent several months in Berlin and frequently appeared in concerts. It was her purpose to pass the summer in Marietta and then to move to New York. She had already made a number of engagements for next season and expected to do considerable concert work. As a pianist Mrs. Dobbs possessed many admirable traits, and was an exceedingly intellectual woman.

Her funeral took place last Saturday and her remains were interred in the burying ground of St. James' Episcopal Church, Marietta, Ga. A party of her musical friends from Atlanta attended the services and covered her grave with flowers.



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BERLIOZ.

WRITING MUSIC.

[The first Review of these Reminiscences appeared in the National Edition of The Musical Courier.]

ONE should be absolutely free from all work and care to write an opera. One's existence should be assured for a certain time, be it long or short.

But I was far enough from being in that condition when I wrote "Benvenuto." I was living from day to day on the articles which I wrote day by day for the papers. In the first access of the creation fever I tried hard enough to find a two months clear in which to write. But pitiless necessity tore the pen from the severed hand of the composer to put it into the glacial hand of the critic.

It was an indescribable pity, a frightful heartbreak. But there was no choice. There was the wife and there the boy; could I see them want? There was no hesitation possible. The worst of it was that from the dreadful condition into which I was thrown by the desire to write the flood of ideas which incessantly flowed, and the agony of being obliged to reject them and force them back, I was no longer capable of doing my best even as a writer—that detested task!

It was immediately after the writing of the "Damnation" and while yet under the influence of Goethe that I wrote the "Symphonie Fantastique." It came with great difficulty for certain parties and again with the most remarkable facility.

For instance, the adagio, which creates always such an impression upon the public and on myself also, wearied me during at least three weeks. I threw it down and took it up several times, but could not let it go. "La Marche au Supplice," on the other hand, was written in one night. I have, however, retouched both one and the other many times since.

It was through an effort to please the good man Paganini that I came to write "Harold in Italy." He was pos-

sessed with the idea of an alto solo, something that should be worthy the instrument. My idea was to create the solo, but with an orchestral background, knowing very well that with the solo in the hands of a Paganini it must remain a solo.

A plan which struck me very favorably came into my head, and I burned to write it. The first bit was scarcely in notation when the violinist wanted to see it. On noticing the various pauses and waits he seemed disappointed.

"Ah, no," he said sadly; "that is not it at all; that is not it. You see, when I play I must play all the time."

"Ah!" I replied. "I see, I see; you wished an alto concerto! In that case you are the only one who can write it."

Soon after that he was obliged to go to Nice on account of the weakness of the larynx, which later was the cause of his death, and I was separated from him for years.

The germ in my head and my friend departed; I troubled myself little about respect for the alto. I thought to write a series of scenes in which the alto would mingle but not mix, as a person of considerable activity may still manage to keep his own special character; a dreamy-like souvenir mood, as in the heart of a sentimental voyager; something as Byron's "Child Harold." Hence the title "Harold in Italy."

As in the "Symphonie Fantastique," the principal theme reappears frequently in the work. But there is this difference: The theme in the former is a fixed idea, separate from the scenes through which it moves, while in "Harold" the air is superposed with the other airs of the orchestra, with which it is in character, in movement and thought.

In spite of the complexity of the woof of this composition, I was a much shorter time composing it than I had been with other symphonies. I spent much time retouching it, however.

For instance, in the "Pilgrim March," which I improvised in two hours sitting by the fireside. I continued during six years to introduce ameliorations, which once made I found necessary.

While the celebrated "Rakoczy March" was being printed an intimate and very good friend of Berlioz went and examined the proof-sheets.

On meeting the composer he shook his head. "Ah," he said, "you expose our theme piano, but it should be forte."

"That's because you have not read it," I replied. "You just wait; you will have such a forte before you get to the end as you have never heard in your life!"

At the first concert in which the march was given, although certain in the conviction as to my conception, I confess to being slightly nervous. It was an undertaking to write them their march.

After the appearance of the air in piano the house remained calm and unmoved. But when later on, after the long crescendo, the fugued fragments of the theme reappeared, cut by the heavy blows of the drum as if shooting from a distant cannon, the hall began to ferment. From that on to where the orchestra lets loose, belches forth in its terrible fortissimo so long held in, the excitement grew to passion. The concentrated fury of all those boiling souls exploded in accents which filled me with terror, unsettled my nerves and made my hair seem to stand on end.

From that measure it was utterly useless to battle with the tempest. It was some time before ever the coda was heard, so great was the tumult excited previously. I once remember seeing my friend, who worried about the piano, up on a gallery beside himself with excitement. I could not refrain from looking at him and "I told you so."

It became necessary to place the march always at the

close of a concert, for there was no chance ever for anything which followed it on the program.

RAYS OF JOY IN BERLIOZ'S LIFE.

It was in Brunswick, Germany, that one of the first rays of sunlight broke through the gray over Berlioz's head.

He found the orchestra there superb, the musical spirit ardent and intense almost as his own, and a sympathy, good will and combined force for helpfulness which quite took the poor man off his feet. Charles Muller was the name of the man who was chef of the institution. One feels like saluting his name on account of the great light and warmth he shed into the life so little used to either.

"Les dix mille francs me furent promptement remis." He laconically expresses thus a happy exception to the rule of not receiving his dues.

Once, when on returning to his home, he found his parents proud of—well, not of him exactly, because he was always the same son to be proud of—but of the honors and glories that he had won in spite of them. The parents who had so struggled, fought, rowed, who had brought so much agony into his young life, and so warped and dwarfed his possible career for the sake of making him obey them—these same parents were now proud—not of him but of the honors which he had brought to them.

If things were properly sifted down and honestly spoken of in this world there would be found an immense amount of selfishness in parents.

Once when a conductor friend led to complete success his "Symphonie Fantastique," it appears that Habaneck should by right have directed, and Berlioz had "peur bleu" of what might happen to the composition at his hands, for the old man was crazed by jealousy of the young one, and jealousy easily becomes crime. In fact, he refused to direct, imagining this to be the worst thing he could do, because taste forbade Berlioz directing himself. An able friend stepped into the breach, however, and raised applause from beginning to end of the piece. Success was complete and he was saved.

On going out of the hall he was accosted by a man, tall, spare, extraordinary, wild with the wildness of the genius of his day, with long thin hair, drawn cheeks, piercing fiery eyes, and who was under the influence of strong emotion. Seeing Berlioz he leaped toward him, kissed his hands and cried his praises in the most burning accents.

It was Paganini!

The great violinist was probably the strongest, most sympathetic, most appreciative, useful and really satisfactory friend that Berlioz ever had. Yet fate persisted in keeping them apart and in preventing one the pleasure of hearing, the other the pleasure of being heard.

Not only so, but the one precious chance when Paganini, passing through Paris, was fortunate enough to stumble upon a concert of Berlioz's he had lost his voice by that trouble of the larynx already spoken of and could not express the intense pleasure the music gave him. It was Paganini's son who interpreted his father's feelings. To seal the expression he could not make the old man kneel and kissed Berlioz's hands.

Once in St. Petersburg, after a concert in which Queen Mab, from "Romeo and Juliette," was played to perfection, the zeal, animation and readiness of the musicians in rehearsal were promise of what followed. "Carnaval Romain," fragments from the "Damnation," the scherzo "Queen Mab," and fragments of "Symphonie Triomphale" were on the program. Enthusiasm was general and generous, especially for "Faust," and "Queen Mab" followed.

He dreaded always the playing of that airy fairy Will-o'-the-wisp, which, without the most extreme delicacy, is

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lost in effect. It was played to perfection, and as he expressed it himself:

"It was a moment of positive drunkenness for me!"

He was anxious, too, in regard to the return to the orchestra of the military portion of the band withdrawn for the "Mab" portion. His fine ear, delicate nerves and solicitude for his composition made him fear the noise of the men getting into their places. To his infinite surprise, on looking up to place his triumphal echoes, he found every man in his place, and he had never heard them.

The discipline, the evidence of dignity and responsibility and the satisfaction ever at anything that was perfection gave him real pleasure, as nearly real happiness as he often came.

Once in Loewenberg so superbly rendered was his "King Lear" that he cried out in ecstasy.

"Why, is it possible. Is it I who wrote that?"

ACCOMPANIMENT.

I do not know whether the choice is made on purpose, but I have always remarked that in the studios of singing teachers, in the foyers of theatres, &c., wherever it is necessary to accompany the voice, the piano used is the most abominable and the most execrable it is possible to find! In general, they are nothing more than old, out-of-tune clavecins.

This complaint of Mr. Berlioz is almost universally applicable to the singing studios of Paris to-day. Doubtless both teachers and pupils become so accustomed to the sound that it does not strike their ears. At least, they show the most laughable and extraordinary oblivion to the horrible discords across which they shout and scream at each other, or which keeps screaming discordantly along while pupils "sing."

To a fresh ear approaching the studio outside or inside it sounds like a "joke" such as one hears at circus concerts. In large generality the piano used in the Paris studio is little better than that found in the ordinary cheap boarding house.

Berlioz demanded in what use that wretched piano performed in a work for which no part was written in the orchestra. He renounced the search, saying he guessed it was habit more than anything else, and buttoned the discussion with the sarcastic remark:

"They are so precious, these dear old usages—especially when they are bad!"

* * *

Speaking of the habit of soloists and choruses in rising and being seated continually during the performance of a work, such as the Bach "Passion" for example, he says: "There is possibly some advantage to a singer to stand while singing, but these people yielding to a 'habit of fatigue' sit down after every phrase only to rise for the next, and this incessant rise and fall in unrhythmic irregularity, punctuated still further by the soloists, becomes ludicrous and absurd to the audience."

Besides this he says, justly, that it robs big vocal masses of the effect of their entrée in the composition, as the eye has suggested whence the massing is about to proceed. To him it was all very ridiculous and very inartistic and very singer-like to make such fusses about such little things. He says there is, in fact, no reason in it, as any director can leave anything the way it ought to be if he is capable of saying, simply:

"I will or I will not."

* * *

Berlioz was smart enough to see the idiocy of teaching fables to children with the idea that they were the most simple literature, and therefore suitable. The most simple fable, he says, is the essence of the deepest philosophy of life with which children have as much to do as with Shakespeare. Robbed of their philosophy the stories are no better than hundreds of real children's stories. In any case, while some of them might be translated into children's parlance to convey a thought, the wholesale parrot-like memorizing of fables by mincing midgets was—stupid as were a great many other things.

He objected also to "Mardi gras." His reasons, eloquently expressed, are too long to write, but are well worth searching and reading as evidence of the working of a

mind advanced and clairvoyant, seeing from out the plane of his fellows blind and retarded.

By the way, it was in process of one of those "moyenne" fêtes at Rome that the idea first came to Berlioz of music to Shakespeare's "Queen Mab," and riding on horseback beside Mendelssohn he expressed to the latter surprise that it had never been done. As the suitable music came trooping into his mind he regretted having spoken of it, not knowing but that Mendelssohn would himself attempt it, in which case (knowing his own bad luck and long delays) he was sure of being anticipated in performance by the more fortunate man.

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

"Wendelin Weissheimer's Experiences."

THIS book of 408 pages treats of the author's relations with Wagner, Liszt and other contemporary celebrities, and contains facsimiles of letters of Wagner, Liszt and Bülow and a portrait of the author.

The outside of the volume is in harmony with its contents. It is extremely depressing. On the gray-toned cover there is in relief a head of Richard Wagner on a ground of gray-white material, surrounded by some dark green laurel leaves and some wilted flowers. In its pages all his equal melancholy; even the author's praises of Wagner's music seem gray.

Weissheimer was for years in intimate friendly relations with Wagner, who called him "his dear Wendelin." Indeed, his dear Wendelin had been a very practical friend in the days of the master's pecuniary distress and other troubles. Like other great and little men, Weissheimer wrote an opera on the German poet and patriot of the War of Liberation, Theodor Körner, which, of course, he wished to see produced.

When Wagner was summoned by his "Royal Friend" to Munich, and became a man of influence, his old chum appealed to him for aid in producing his work. Soon after Wagner had been invited by King Ludwig to go to Munich, Weissheimer reports that Wagner said, about May 3, 1864: "A year before my 'Rienzi' they would not have made me music director, much less capellmeister, at Dresden, and after all I know of the action of the opera Körner will be your 'Rienzi.'" On January 15, 1868, Wagner wrote to him: "Good luck to you and your Körner—it may be a lucky accident—I hope so." Which was not very encouraging to dear Wendelin.

A few months later when the rehearsals for the "Meistersinger" were in progress, Weissheimer writes to his wife: "How difficult it is to interest Wagner for other people's work, you know very well, I believe. He is the very opposite of Liszt, and he could not be dragged to a single performance of 'St. Elizabeth.' Frau von Bülow assured me that he would not oppose my undertaking, and that was all I could obtain. Bülow showed him in my presence his music to 'Julius Caesar' and swore he would do no such thing again." A foot-note adds: "When by Bülow's request I was playing my opera to him, without Wagner, the chambermaid came in with the request that we should stop our music, as the master wanted to sleep. It was 11 o'clock in the morning. Bülow closed the piano and sprang up in a rage. 'It is a high honor to live in the same house with the great master, but it is often intolerable.'"

What a charming ménage à trois the Bülow establishment must have been! How delightful Wagner's society! In the same year—1868—Felix Draeseke writes: "At present intercourse with him is far from pleasant, but later, in thirty or forty years, we shall be envied by all the world, for he is such a gigantic figure that he will and must grow bigger after his death; especially when this great figure can no longer be disfigured by anything that rubs us the wrong way."

The chief period of Weissheimer's friendship with Wagner was from 1862 to 1864, while the latter was in Biebrich, and includes the creation of the "Meistersinger" and the "Tristan" failure at Vienna, by which the composer was so discouraged in his work and so mentally disturbed that many of the expressions in his letters of the period seem written in blood. Weissheimer published a series of

these letters in February last year, and now gives some interesting additional information, very characteristic of the way in which Wagner worked.

He had the cover of his piano made to project over his keyboard so that he could write upon it while he played chords with his left beneath it, or tried passages over with both hands till he had them right, when he wrote them down on paper without having to go to a table. What was once written stood written, and very seldom was any change made. When he came to the instrumentation the work was easier and quicker. He said he could without particular exertion finish about six partitions a day.

One day Weissheimer and Wagner were walking over the Rhine bridge and Wagner hummed a motive, the first four notes of which suggested to Weissheimer that Wagner was thinking of a passage in "Robert the Devil," and mentioned it to his friend, who burst out laughing. Next day he found that the motive in question was the first in the "Meistersinger." On the page near the further development of this motive was the second in E, which later returns in the Preislied and in the trumpet passage of the "Meistersinger." The conjecture of Weissheimer that Wagner in his conception of the introduction had no idea of this Preislied in the third act is contradicted by his statement about the reading of the "Meistersinger" text in Scholl's house at Mainz. The poetic form was preceded by a full sketch in prose, in which Stolzling has the name Konrad.

Other details of Wagner's methods are given, and are new. Thus the introduction to "Lohengrin" was originally the adagio of a longer overture, the allegro of which was to begin with the opening bars of the first act. On reflection this plan was dropped.

Weissheimer also informs us that the poems of the Lieder volume "Fünf Lieder" (with the "Tristan" studies), were not by Wagner himself but by Mathilde Wesendonck—that is in the Zurich period. The story of the origin of the "Parsifal" plan in Briebrich is interesting. It was during a visit to Hans and Cosima von Bülow.

"While we were one evening grouped around Wagner, and he was in a communicative humor, he began to speak of the works planned to follow the 'Meistersinger' and the 'Nibelungen.' He spoke on these points at some length, and developed in detail his idea of 'Parsifal.' He spoke, too, of some Indian matter that interested him very much (perhaps 'Die Sieger'), but he fancied he would hardly achieve it, as he had a foreboding that 'Parsifal' would be his last work. He spoke of this with evident emotion. Tears came to Frau von Bülow's eyes, and a pause ensued. I crept into the balcony and Hans von Bülow quietly followed me, and whispered the prophetic words: 'However slight the hope—how small the prospect of the completion of his plans may be—you will see that he reaches his goal and completes his 'Parsifal.'"

The chapter that Weissheimer devotes to the visit of the Bülows is remarkable in other respects. Cosima von Bülow was already evidently fascinated and controlled by the artistic personality of Wagner, and already at the time when one spoke of Wagner only as a composer, ventured to propose the question whether he was not greater as a poet than a musician. During this period many characteristic traits exhibited his lively, emotional, excitable temperament. A painter who had a commission to paint Wagner's portrait was reduced to despair, and exclaimed: "I have never had such an experience in all my practice. Herr Wagner has a different face every day." Another day, when Frau von Bülow by a careless movement knocked out of his mouth the mouthpiece of a Turkish nargileh he was smoking he scolded her till she burst into tears.

Then we hear of Wagner's financial genius—in spending money. When he was in the lowest depths of impecuniosity, in a hotel whose owner was dunning him remorselessly, Wagner, after an outburst of bitter complaints over his miserable situation, ordered some champagne and cried to his astonished friends: "Drink with me! we are the conquerors—ours is the world!"

Then the episode of the "silken night robe" comes out of the box which Wagner had packed up to take away to Munich when all his financial troubles were ended. This is one of the things that cannot to-day "rub one the wrong

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way" and disfigure the ideal of Wagner. The little petty village gossip about it is no longer the fashion, and if Wagner did not pay the tailor at once for his silken night robe he paid the world dearly.

Weissheimer says much about Liszt, and his consistent, unselfish encouragement to every honest, struggling artist. He was Liszt's pupil, and tells how, after three hours' dalliance with Rhine wine, the master and pupil tried to see each other home, wandering backward and forward between their respective abodes. Liszt said of Weissheimer's five "Geistliche Sonette," "You know what confidence I have in you, but that you could write such works I could not have believed." On another occasion he played for him the first scenes of "Körner," and Liszt commented, "The prelude is masterly. I say nothing I do not think." The work was much admired by Ferdinand Lassalle. Of the unfortunate Lassalle Weissheimer has much to say, as he knew him and the Countess Hatzfeld well. He speaks of the wide reading and eloquence of Lassalle and his love for music, which led him to declare that he was ready to write an operatic libretto. He hesitated between Florian Geyer, Thomas Münzer and Ziska, and expressed his preference for the latter. Prince Rackowitz's pistol ended this project.

Speaking of Bülow's extraordinary memory, Weissheimer writes: "He had not only all the notes in his head, but also all the marks added to facilitate performance. He could display his enormous memory in no more brilliant light than when he once ordered a repetition of seventeen bars from letter B, twenty-nine from letter Y, and so on, and told the horns to mark sharply the rhythm at letters E c." Of this affection for Wagner a letter gives proof. "I wept and wailed," Bülow confesses, "when I saw Wagner perhaps for the last time for a long period—I saw nothing more."

Weissheimer expresses himself very unjustly about Brahms. He gives a wrong impression of the man when he writes respecting a concert given by Wagner: "When I animated him by my demonstration of applause after the performance of the 'Faust' overture, he said, 'Ah, Weissheimer, you will split your kid gloves!'" Again he says, "When I was once with Cornelius, Brahms arrived. During our very diversified conversation he kept chinking the coins in his pocket. This rather annoyed Cornelius, and he said to his little son, 'See, my child, here is Brahms to-day, and he will fetch you something from copyright money out of his pocket.'"

Other names mentioned in this work are those of Cornelius, Draeseke, Taussig, Tichatschek, the first Rienzi, and Schnorr, the first Tristan. "Schnorr, on account of his musical talent," so writes Weissheimer, "resolved at first to be a musician; after he developed his tenor voice he resolved to become a singer."

Mere mention is made of Wagner's first wife. One day when he was reading the manuscript of the "Meistersinger" Frau Minna rolled up a ball of soft bread and dropped it on the manuscript. This disturbed his lofty mind so much that he at once ceased reading.

A curious anecdote of Ludwig II. may be quoted. After the war of 1866 he came to Würzburg, where Weissheimer was theatre capellmeister, and requested that at the performance of the "Bride of Messina" each act should be preceded by one of Wagner's orchestral works. At the beginning the "Rienzi" overture was "commanded," before the second act the "Tannhäuser" prelude, and so on. "Such a peculiar taste on the part of the young monarch," writes H. P., of the Frankfurter Zeitung, "makes one ask whether that highly extolled, artistic sense of Ludwig had not yet been developed."

A Contralto's Sister.

Mrs. Jeannette Mulford is a very successful representative of the Conover Piano Company in St. Paul, Sixth and St. Peter streets, that city. Mrs. Mulford is a relative of Miss Florence Mulford, the young contralto of Newark.



BROOKLYN, July 18, 1898.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION.

COMPARATIVELY few people have left the city so far this summer, and so there are a number of prominent musical people in town, some of whom on account of the demand which would naturally arise from such conditions have continued their teaching, contrary to their usual custom.

Being interested in the subject of teaching, it was my good fortune to ascertain the ideas of two well-known teachers in this borough.

Mrs. Martha Dorlon-Lowe has made quite a success as a teacher of vocal culture, and some of the points uppermost in her teaching might be enumerated as follows:

1. The voice should be judged by its quality or timbre, not its range.

2. Everyone has an individual timbre or tone quality, and the art of the vocal teacher consists in bringing out this individuality, being particularly careful not to allow the pupil to imitate the quality of another voice.

3. It is the teacher's business to discourage those whose tone production—even when thus brought out—will not be agreeable from studying to become professional singers.

4. The teacher should be able to sing every note which the pupil is required to sing. When unable, he should engage a model for this purpose.

5. When the pupil begins, he should always practice with the teacher, and pupils should not be allowed to practice alone until the voice is properly placed.

6. The pupils should be taught enough of anatomy to know the formation of the throat and mechanism of the tone production. There are many, however, who go too far in this subject.

7. The musical fault called "a bad ear" is often simply a result of the non-use of the voice, and can almost always be corrected after a few lessons.

8. One of the worst faults is a poor musical memory. Those interested in sight singing know that a good sight singer must gauge the intervals with his voice as with a measure, and this is almost always done by means of a good musical memory.

9. The faults of flattening and sharpening can be cured by singing with the pupil or playing the notes very clearly while the pupil is singing. Many who commit this error do so by not striking the exact tone on the start. Having a false beginning, but measuring the intervals accurately, they come out at the end the same distance off the proper key as they were at the start.

10. The proper method of breathing is one of the first things to be taught. The speaking voice should be looked after as well as the singing voice, the pupil being compelled to use the voice correctly at all times. How, when and what to eat and the absolute necessity of good health for this branch of study should be frequent subjects of discussion, as well as the subject of morals and manners.

11. Many people expect young pupils to sing a song with the expression which could only come from those who have battled through the world. A successful singer must have a good, kind heart, and that is one thing that the teacher cannot guarantee to produce.

I have written these ideas because I agree with them.

They were not all that I gathered from the delightful talk I had with Mrs. Lowe, which would fill several pages.

Thomas F. Shannon, director of the Twenty-third Regiment Band, is to be congratulated on the following program which was given at Prospect Park on July 17, and which is a great improvement over the class of music usually heard in these open air concerts. This was the program:

Salute to the Flag.
Overture to Tannhäuser.....Wagner
Grand Fantasia, from La Roi de Lahore.....Massenet
Sanctus, from Messe Solennelle.....Gounod
Paraphrase on Melody in F.....Rubinstein
Ride of the Valkyries and Magic Fire Scene,
from Die Walküre.....Wagner
Traumerei, for reed section.....Schumann
March, Our Flag.....Shannon
Unfinished Symphony.....Schubert
Excerpts, from grand opera Giacoma.....Ponchielli
Solo for basso cantante, The Holy City.....S. Adams
Joseph B. Zellmann.
The Heavens Are Telling, from The Creation.....Haydn
Doxology, Old Hundred.....BERENICE THOMPSON.

A Query.

17 WEST EIGHTY-FOURTH STREET,
NEW YORK, July 14, 1898.

Editors The Musical Courier:

I HAVE several times noticed in your advertising columns a card of Royal Stone Smith, in which he states that he is the "sole authorized teacher of the Bouhy Method in America," or words to that effect.

I have also noticed that Miss Grace Gregory claims the right to teach after the same system.

Am I right in supposing that Mr. Smith is unaware of Miss Gregory's authority to use this method, or is there another explanation of these conflicting statements?

By enlightening me on this subject you will greatly oblige,

Respectfully yours,

JULIA M. LIPPMANN.

INFORMATION BUREAU.

MAIL FORWARDED.

Letters have been forwarded to the following since previous issue:

Prof. J. A. Graham.
Miss Ella C. Carr.
Miss Mary F. Burt.
Milton Griffith.
Dr. Carl E. Duft.
Carl V. Lachmund.
John C. Dempsey.
Maud Reese-Davies.
A. S. Bendell.
Prof. Theo. Scherer.
Chas. A. Fischer.
Arthur Tams.
Clementine De Vere.
Warren Davenport.
Mary Louise Clary.
Mrs. Antonia H. Sawyer.

MAIL FOR ARTISTS.

Mail addressed to the following has been received at THE MUSICAL COURIER Bureau of Information:

Miss Clara Bernetta.
Sig. Alfredo Doria.
Mrs. Dupont.
Enrico Scognamiglio.

Mrs. John B. Hardy.

Mrs. John B. Hardy, née Caroline Mihr, the soprano of St. Mark's Church, New York, has recently arrived in Paris from London. She has received from Manager Margulies, of the Ambroselli Agency, a flattering offer to travel with a concert company in Europe. This offer she refused because of an engagement she made in New York previous to her departure. Mrs. Hardy possesses a beautiful voice, which was trained by Mr. and Mrs. de Serrano.

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PIKE'S PEAK.

COLORADO SPRINGS, July 7, 1898.

NEARLY a month ago your Kansas City correspondent left the heat of that State to join in the pleasures and festivities of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, which held its biennial at Denver, Col. Nor were we disappointed. The half was never told nor could be anticipated by the Eastern women, who are unaccustomed to the cordial hospitality of the West.

Presidents of clubs all over the United States, with their delegates and friends, arrived Monday morning, the 20th ult., and were assigned to places of entertainment. The best houses in the city opened their doors for receptions, the gardens were ablaze with entertainment and music. The State House, which is an imposing structure after the Army and Navy Building in Washington, was illuminated every evening, greeting its visitors with colored electric lights.

But enough has already been written of the Federation meetings and Denver hospitality. I was interested in the musical growth and development of the great West. I found in Denver three vocal societies. The Tuesday Musical Club, composed of fifty young ladies, directed by Miss Hattie Louise Sims, is one of them.

There are seventy-five associate members, and the club is supported by dues of \$5 from active and associate members. This money enables the club to produce many artists; last year Carreño, Marsick, Plunket Greene, the Henschels, Villa Whitney White and others appeared under their management.

The work done by the club is divided into three sections—French, German and Scandinavian—and at the end of each period a résumé recital is given. The singing of this club is marked by good time, precision of attack and good shading. The parts are not quite as well balanced as should be; the second alto is weak; but the selections and style were up to the mark.

The Woman's Club Chorus, under the direction of Prof. W. Whiteman, added a pleasant feature to the entertainment. They sang "Moths," by Palliot; "Swing, Swing," by Lohr; "It Was a Lover and His Lass."

The Athena Musical Club and the Juvenile Chorus of the Woman's Club all proved Denver to be a good musical centre.

Among the soloists Miss W. J. Whiteman gave us Tosti's "Serenata" and "All Thro' the Night," an old Welsh song. She sang with much pathos and good style. Mrs. Marcella Powell represented Colorado on Colorado Day at Unity Church. She sang Proch's air with variations. She is a pupil of Marescalchi, of Chicago, and also studied two years with Francis Fischer Powers and Maurice De Vries, of New York.

I must not tarry over the recital of American folk-songs under the management of Mrs. Phillip N. Moore, of St. Louis. Miss Villa Whitney White gave the North American Indian melodies, harmonized by the piano accompaniment, with great interest; also the French Creole songs. The Southern negro melodies, sung by Miss Anita Muldoon, a Southern girl, were always true to nature and brought out much applause. "The Growth of the People's Music of America from 1770 to 1865" brought forth many old familiar melodies with their history—"Old Folks at Home," "Nellie Was a Lady," "Gentle Annie," "Hazel Dell," "Sweet Genevieve," and many more old songs of departed days, which are woven in the lives of many of us.

The lectures on "Art and Travel in Europe," by Miss Anna Caulfield, late of Paris, with the use of the stereopticon, were well received. Miss Caulfield has a charming, graceful personality, which adds much to her lectures.

But I must bid Denver good-by or my letter will be too long, for, with ninety other excursionists of the club I left for Salt Lake City to view the country o'er. Tuesday evening, the 28th ult., saw us aboard the tourist sleeper on the Rio Grande road bound for the sainted city.

We had a special, personally conducted by that brave,

intelligent woman, Mrs. Nora Gridley, who was never failing in looking after our comfort and entertainment. We were bewildered, awed and dumb with the beauty of the mountain scenery. There is no trip of equal length that can compare with it. The combination of mountain, river and valley scenery is delightful and romantic. We learned and felt our insignificance as we passed through the Grande and Black cañons, with their towering monuments of stone walls 2,000 feet in height of various shapes, now pointed, now overhanging, now frowning down upon our familiarity.

At Grand Junction we were greeted by music from the Indian band connected with the Indian school. There were thirty Indians dressed in band costume under the direction of J. E. Oliver playing our national airs and Sousa's marches. They had studied in the Indian school four years, and Mr. Oliver tells me they are very fond of music and of the school. They belong to the Utes, Arapahoes and Navajos principally. Their fathers and mothers still wear the blankets and live the lives of the wild tepee. It was a pleasant sight. Slowly but surely our train wound around the mountain to Marshall Pass, where we were given half an hour to rest and view the scene. Many climbed the stairs leading to the observatory, which was on the very summit of Mount Ouray, where, looking one way, the rivers flowed to the Atlantic and on the other to the Pacific. The grandeur of it all is beyond description by this pen. The altitude affected two of our party unpleasantly. We were among the clouds; the peaks became small hills. We viewed the Sierras and snow-crowned Sangre de Cristo. In short, Switzerland "is not in it," as one of our party said.

We arrived at Salt Lake City Thursday morning and were met by the club ladies of the city and taken to their clubhouse, where we registered. Then on the electric cars to the depot, where the Rio Grande road took us to Saltair for a bath in the dead salt ocean and a luncheon in the prettiest pavilion in America. The luncheon was a marvel of culinary art, and many will carry home the receipts of salads and frosted strawberries. After the luncheon the band played for dancing, but a stiff breeze was blowing, which was discomfiting to both bathers and dancers.

One could imagine himself viewing old ocean as he viewed the white caps, but there were the mountains all around us on every side. It was entrancing, and when 3 o'clock came all expressed regret at leaving.

In the evening we were invited to an organ recital and chorus rehearsal in the Tabernacle. This building will seat 12,000 persons. It is ovoid in form, and the acoustic properties are such that a pin can be heard to drop in the back of the auditorium. We of the East could well take a lesson in this respect. There are 600 enrolled in the choir, all Mormons. They are led by Evan Stephens, a pupil of the Boston Conservatory. He has them in perfect control. They sang Piusotti's "Good Night" and the "Hallelujah Chorus" with great effect; also, for our benefit, the "Pioneer Ode," composed by Mr. Stephens for their fiftieth anniversary, he receiving the \$100 prize offered.

The poem is descriptive of the wanderings of the Saints in finding the promised land, the lamentations of the women and their cries of joy as they view the land of the pioneers. The music is wedded to the words, and is singularly fitting for the occasion. The organ is one of the finest in the world. It has sixty-seven stops, four organs, 2,648 pipes and was made in Salt Lake City. The voicing of the organ is wonderfully fine. The vox humana is the most perfect stop I ever heard. Its capabilities, as shown by the organist, Prof. Joe Daynes, astonished everyone. Professor Daynes is a fine organist. He places everybody in rapport with him as soon as he touches the instrument.

Professor Stephens is drilling the children 12,000 strong for a musical festival in October. His method is commendable. Your correspondent had the pleasure of conducting the Federation of Ladies in the singing of "America" at Saltair, and never did we love its mountains and its hills better.

We paid visits to the Assembly Hall, Bee Hive, Brigham's tomb, viewed his monument, saw the Temple, which no gentile's foot has dared enter; saw the home of Amelia, his favorite wife; visited Fort Douglass, and came away well pleased with the climate and city of the great interior ocean.

We returned by the wide gauge Rio Grande; we mounted into the sky over rocks and cañons, into Leadville, the elevation of which is 10,200 feet. Here we saw the mines, soda spring, mountains of eternal snow, the United States fishery hatchery, a delightful climate, good music and THE MUSICAL COURIER read by many.

Leaving Leadville we descend the mountains and soon enter the Royal Gorge again, coming out of which we enter Cañon City, which had a look of prosperity, with its brick houses, sidewalks, parks and vendors of strawberries, cherries, &c. What a paradise for the summering of the

geologist and mineralogist. There is a fine hotel at the Hot Springs. The valley looked most inviting after the rocky pinnacles.

Passing through Pueblo we come to Colorado Springs and Manitou. At the Cliff House this afternoon we heard beautiful music by three of Thomas' orchestra, who give concerts twice a day at this hotel. So music, sweet music, is everywhere. To-morrow I shall continue my trip to Denver, "the city which has added a soprano to the symphony of political liberty" (quotation from Governor Adams in his opening address). This trip is commended to the thousands of readers of the big MUSICAL COURIER.

E. R. JONES.

Baernstein's Tremendous Success in Cincinnati.

Singing in four of the most difficult of the five works given at the Cincinnati May Festival, and with such artists as Marguerite Macintyre, Ben Davies (especially engaged and brought from England for this festival), David Bispham and Josephine Jacoby, Mr. Baernstein received the unanimous praise of the press for his magnificent voice and rounded and musically interpretations of the parts assigned to him. Following are some of the criticisms of his recent appearances:

Joseph S. Baernstein, a young basso, was heard in the cantata work and in a detached solo, which was well suited to his rich, sonorous voice. That Mr. Baernstein is a conscientious artist was clearly brought to light in "The Swan and the Skylark," and although the part assigned him was for a baritone, and Mr. Baernstein's voice is distinctively a basso, his reading of the music was especially fine.—Binghamton (N. Y.) Leader, May 13, 1898.

Mr. Baernstein gave wonderful pleasure in his part of the poet in the work. His voice is satisfying, being resonant, wonderfully flexible, and his ornate execution fine. In his selections he delighted the listeners, who are still more delighted that he is to be here again in June.—Binghamton (N. Y.) Chronicle, May 14, 1898.

He (Baernstein) certainly sang his part remarkably well.—New Haven (Conn.) News, May 19, 1898.

It was a pleasure for those who heard Mr. Baernstein to again have the opportunity of greeting him in New Haven. * * * His singing last night was at all times that of a true artist.—New Haven (Conn.) Palladium, May 19, 1898.

The club was extremely fortunate in its assistants. The soloists were specially adapted to the work. Nothing could be more noble or dignified than the utterances of Mr. Baernstein, the bass.—Englewood (N. J.) Press, May 21, 1898.

Mr. Baernstein left a potent impression. He sings with the unassuming dignity and straightforwardness of a thorough artist. His voice material seems to be abundant.—Cincinnati (Ohio) Enquirer, May 25, 1898.

Mr. Baernstein is a newcomer. He has a rich, well-cultivated voice.—Times-Star, Cincinnati, Ohio, May 25, 1898.

Mr. Baernstein did his work well, and measured up to all requirements.—Cincinnati (Ohio) Post, May 25, 1898.

Mr. Baernstein's interpretation was satisfactory. His voice is very pleasing and has great carrying power.—Commercial Tribune, Cincinnati, May 25, 1898.

Mr. Baernstein sang the High Priest admirably.—Times-Star, Cincinnati, Ohio, May 26, 1898.

Mr. Baernstein, who is an American of the Americans, and has not even studied abroad, has my extra good wishes for that reason. His voice is a good, full basso cantante. His delivery and enunciation are excellent.—Post, Cincinnati, Ohio, May 26, 1898.

Mr. Baernstein sang the High Priest in a very commendable manner. In the opening phrases of the work he gave evidence of a voice of great power and resonance and heroic timbre.—Commercial Tribune, Cincinnati, Ohio, May 26, 1898.



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Papers Read at the Recent Convention.

"The Psychological Method of Voice Culture."

BY ARNOLD W. MEYER-TEEG.

MR. PRESIDENT, MUSICAL COLLEAGUES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Experience and observation embolden me to advance the idea that the Psychological System of Voice Culture was originated and designed by the Supreme Being when he conceived the idea of forming man in his own image. If every person in the audience could suddenly acquire the comprehension, insight into and knowledge of the mysterious connection between voice tone, voice register, human emotion and feeling and the spirit of music, which are the fundamental principles based on natural law, ruling the psychological system of voice culture, the foregoing statement would in all minds present lose any appearance of ostentation or arrogance.

The name Psychological System was suggested by our honored friend Xaver Scharwenka.

The old Italian masters Donizetti, Bellini, also Rossini, Meyerbeer, Handel, were perhaps cognizant of and utilized this system for voice development, the thought originating from the observance of a striking conformity to the correct rules for singing found in their arias or operas. Verdi, Mascagni and Wagner also wrote well for the voice. Voice culture, however, should have been completed before a singer attempt Wagner's music.

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy recognized in the discoveries of my father, Prof. Julius Eduard Meyer, now of New York, the nature-designed material principles upon which the psychological system is based. These are the five voice registers and correct tone production. My father imparts the knowledge of correct tone production and use of registers through verbal explanations and exercises, which each pupil must remember unassisted by written notes. This demands of the pupils concentration of thought and hearing upon the tone and register quality, implying the perseverance of the keenest consciousness and presence of mind in this process of intellectual mode of development. This consciousness and intellectuality are required by most or perhaps all vocal teachers in the world, hence the constant talk of how to take the tones, &c.

During lessons my father accompanies his tone studies and exercises by pretty underlying harmonies, one of which gave me the clue to the discovery of the psychological system. When I began to train voices I naturally adopted my father's forms of exercises, and used in this connection such harmonies as I well remembered hearing him play. It was while giving a lesson to a young lady that I sounded the tone F, first space treble on the piano, setting it as the septime of the dominant seventh chord, playing for the accompaniment D, B and G below.

The young lady then sang with the upper medium register, using the vowel "ah."

I was happily surprised to observe that there was a natural oneness or harmony brought into play between the chord, the quality of tone of the upper medium register, and the musical feeling which swayed the young lady while singing.

I listened very closely. I found that the mood or feeling which the chord portrayed was one of love and affection, and that the phase of soul emotion embodied in the tone quality of the upper medium register was one of love and affection. At the same time the young lady was being

impelled by a mysterious power to sing with a feeling of love and affection, which corresponded to that of the chord and register.

And the greatest marvel of all was that the young lady grasped, or, to use the modern expression, focussed the tone with absolute correctness. I experimented with seventh chords of the other keys, the young lady sounding the vowel "ah" on the septimes of the chords within range of the upper medium register in like manner, and invariably found the same results.

From this discovery I was enabled to find a corresponding chord of music for each individual register, the distinct separate phase of soul emotion embodied in each register guiding my mind and ear in this direction.

Having detected the relation of five fundamental chords of music to the five different registers, I was enabled to form a definition of what I term the "psychological law in singing," which is that music through the feelings it awakens, influences and controls the grasping, starting or placing of tone of voice and action of register, if not thwarted by a total absence of musical talent and feeling, disease, or a gross physical defect in the vocal apparatus. This is Nature's great general law for singing.

A vocalist, while singing with the intention to discern and determine the mode in which this law operates, will find that a difference of chords and harmonies as accompaniment of tones in a certain range of the voice will incite to a corresponding difference in production of tone quality based upon a difference of register use. He will also be led to know and feel why some music is much more difficult to sing than other music.

The specific principles of operation of the psychological law are these: The five distinct registers embody in their separate tone quality five distinct phases of soul-emotion. These find expression in five corresponding shades of musical feeling, which can be and are fundamentally expressed by five principal chords in music, each belonging to one of five keys connected by the circle of fifths.

A chord of music expressive of one of these phases of emotion accompanying a voice tone sounded within the range of a register to which a chord corresponds will invariably impel the singer to use that particular register or to make the attempt to do so, and if not impeded by a total lack of talent or feeling or by rough physical defect of the larynx the chord will at the same time incite the singer to a correct grasping or starting of the true tone in that register.

The tone will not be one formed mechanically under guidance of the mere application of subjective intelligence and consciousness.

Being born and controlled by the delicate yet decided operation of the psychological law, the tone is started at first unconsciously by the pupil from a central point of correctness, which cannot be so perfectly inculcated into his musical intelligence by mechanical or purely intellectual means.

Being born of emotion and feeling it will clearly reflect such emotion and feeling.

We will now consider the five different registers in their relation to soul-emotions and corresponding chords of music separately. Before proceeding I would remark that I will give the general safe compass of registers of the female voice. The male voice is governed by the same compass of registers, an octave below those of the female voice. The psychological control of the voice is the same in both male and female voices.

First or chest register compass from middle C first ledger line below staff in treble downward to G or E. Chords of the sixth are expressive of the mood or feeling of "dignity," "solemnity." The phase of soul-emotion expressed by and reflected in the tone quality of the chest register is one of "solemnity," "dignity." A singer sounding the fundamental tone of a chord of the sixth on the vowel "ah," if within the range of the chest register, will

be impelled by a mysterious natural law unconsciously to sing under sway of feeling, of dignity or solemnity, with the chest register (if that not be in a dormant state), to focus the tone correctly and bring the proper amount of air pressure from the lungs to bear upon the vocal cords. Allegorically speaking, it is a solemn event when man is born into the world.

The second or lower medium register—Compass from G, second line treble, to octave below. The chord of the second or the third inversion of the dominant seventh is expressive of the mood or feeling of loneliness, such as would overcome a person traversing a lonely road in a barren country.

The phase of soul emotion expressive of and reflected in the tone quality of the lower medium register is one of loneliness.

A singer sounding the highest tone of a chord of the second within the range of the lower medium register will be impelled by a mysterious natural law unconsciously to sing under sway of a feeling of loneliness with the lower medium register, to focus the tone correctly and to bring the proper amount of air pressure to bear on the vocal cords.

Allegorically speaking, boys and girls left to themselves feel themselves in a state of loneliness. They generally go right home to mother after school.

Third or upper medium register—Compass from D, fourth line treble, downward through lower registers.

The chords of the dominant seventh are expressive of the mood or feelings of love and affection.

The phase of soul emotion expressive of and reflected in the tone quality of the upper medium register is one of love and affection. A singer sounding the highest tone of a dominant seventh chord, if within the compass of the upper medium register, will be impelled by a mysterious natural law unconsciously to sing under sway of feelings of love and affection with the upper medium register; to focus the tone correctly and bring the proper amount of air pressure to bear upon the vocal cords. This register presents more than one general phase of soul emotion, there being inherent in it the psychological qualification to present alternately four or five specific phases of soul emotion, emanating from its principal phase of emotion—love and affection.

Observe difference in De Koven's "Past and Future," Handel's "Rejoice Greatly," and "Caro nome," from "Rigoletto." Allegorically speaking, the youth and maiden have arrived at a period in life when they fall in love and wed and start a home.

The fourth or head register—General compass from A, the first ledger line above staff in treble, downward.

Diminished chords are expressive of the mood or feelings of anxiety for the beloved. The phase of soul emotion expressive of and reflected in the head register tone quality is one of anxiety for the beloved. A singer sounding a tone accompanied by a diminished chord within the range of the head register will be impelled by a mysterious natural law unconsciously to sing under sway of a feeling of "anxiety for the beloved" with the head register, to focus the tone correctly and bring the proper amount of air pressure to bear upon the vocal cords. There is lying along the connecting region of the third and fourth registers a very wise insertion of a register which presents a quasi modulation register between the third and fourth. I name this the "bridge register." Allegorically speaking, parents are full of feelings of anxiety for their beloved at home.

The fifth or falsetto register ranges from E, third ledger line above staff in treble, downward. The solution of the third inversion of the seventh chord standing on the second step in minor to the first inversion of the dominant seventh is expressive of intense anxiety or fear. The phase of soul emotion expressive of and reflected in the tone quality of the falsetto register is one of intense anxiety or fear. A singer sounding the two highest

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tones of mentioned chords within the compass of the falsetto register will be impelled by a mysterious natural law unconsciously to sing under sway of intense anxiety or fear with the falsetto register, focus the tone correctly and bring the proper amount of air pressure to bear upon the vocal cords. There is also a combination of harmonies of a high religious character which impels to the employment of the falsetto register, the soul emotion expressed in the tone quality of the register reflecting feelings of devotion and prayer, emanating as it were from phase of emotion of anxiety or fear. Allegorically speaking, man cometh to the time "when fears shall be in the way, the silver cord be loosed, the golden bowl be broken and the mourners go about the streets, and man goeth to his long home, and the spirit returneth unto God who gave it."

Strings of instruments, organ pipes and, as I understand, the formation of the vibration ridges of the vocal cords present a gradation of size from thickness to thinness, from bass to treble. Musicians will notice in the order of the register controlling chords of music, just presented, a relative gradation from broadness to closeness. Whether it be acceptable that the succession of soul emotions here presented can form a rule or scale of emotions from broadness to closeness from a psychic-technical standpoint must be left for psychologists to determine.

In order to obtain the great results made possible by means of the psychological system of voice culture the teacher must be endowed with the highest type of musical talent, sympathetic nature and feelings, and be thoroughly educated in harmony and counterpoint and play the piano. He must, moreover, be endowed with a special talent for the vocation of voice builder. It is necessary that he compose all of the exercises in progressive order for each individual voice, being prompted to do his work perfectly by a natural intuition, which mentioned requirements and study and practical experience under the psychological system have developed. The vowel "ah" is the one apparently designed by nature for the correct furtherance of desired ends in voice culture under the psychological system.

There are also certain forms of runs and exercises potent for this purpose, which are introduced in connection with the tone studies. Their original forms emanated from the mind of Prof. Julius Eduard Meyer. Coming under sway of the specific principles of the psychological law in singing, there are from the leading form of each of them, separately applicable to the registers, variations or modifications of them introduced.

They may be set in any of the keys of music, the requirements of the voice for development inciting the teacher to their correct use and application in connection with the tone studies.

Although uniform under the general structure of the system, the exercises will vary in degrees of strength of requirements made upon the voices during their progress and development according to the difference in physical, psychological, emotional and vocal conditions existing in the pupils for whom the exercises are composed.

The psychological system offers to pupils the easiest, safest and most pleasant method of voice culture, because through the psychological operation of the exercises the pupil is actuated and influenced unconsciously to develop the voice correctly from the start, which liberates the pupil from all worry as to how to take tones, use registers, breathe, &c.

The time arrives when the pupil becomes intellectually conscious of the functions which have been brought into activity by apparently mysterious means, and she will then readily comprehend verbal explanations pertaining to tone, register, chords, &c.

In this system the development of the registers takes place simultaneously with that of the true tone. The teacher's correct knowledge, natural intuition and a sym-

pathetic feeling which rebels against any minute strain to the voice under cultivation, all must guard against any one register overstepping its upper tone limit or being developed regardless of the other.

In exact harmony with the law that the development of a register is stimulated and assisted by that of its sister registers, the exercises must lead the voice alternately from one part of its scale to another, from one register to another. When the rose begins to bud there is within the bud the unfolding and necessary slow process of formation and symmetrical adjustment of the fine shoots or starts from which the leaves of the flower grow and expand. The rose remains in this state of budding for a comparatively long time until its preparatory process of growth is complete and the delicate leaves have acquired sufficient growth and strength of texture to expose themselves to the changeable atmosphere. They then outgrow and force the bud open to become the beautiful flower that delights mankind.

Similar to this budding state in the rose is the budding state in the voice under culture by means of the psychological system. There is during the beginning of voice culture a longer or shorter period of time required in which the fine grasps, settings or tone starts, determined by the various combinations of harmonies, based upon the fundamental chords noted, are slowly and perfectly developed. These starts present fine points of tone, the control of which must so carefully guard against any minute strain upon them that they may be sustained in the softest pianissimo, if desired, or be allowed to suddenly or gradually increase into the volume of tone itself.

During this budding process the voice gradually does grow strong, and gains in compass and agility.

With an average of one hour per day with beginners (although under this system after a time three and four hours could be practiced) this budding period of the voice covers from three to five months, determined by the voice material at hand. The metallic ring, denoting the opening of tone, then appears, gradually generally, in all parts of the voice. Toward the close of the second season the tone broadens, and, as it has occurred, in very short time opens into fullness and richness like the opening rose, the registers becoming smoothly connected, and blending harmoniously together; so much so that they needs be distinguished by means of the hearer's penetration into their difference in special phases of soul emotion. A time arrives when the voice, tone and the metallic ring lose themselves apparently one in another. When this is attained, voice culture is complete in the general sense of the term. No fine tone start dare be marred, no slight tremor or tremolo be permissible, if the teacher be a master of his art and the pupil be so conscientious in her studies as to allow herself unconsciously to be swayed by the great specific principles of the psychological laws in singing to develop her voice to the ideal of beauty for which it was intended.

After three to five months of voice development the study of other music may be taken up in connection with the study of the especially composed exercises. The arias of the old Italian masters, carefully selected and sung in somewhat slow tempo in Italian, and also carefully selected songs, prove to be the most useful and safe alternations with the exercises. If I assume that many or most soprano voices acquire a range from G below staff treble to high C in three to five months' time, or sooner, there need be no fear of some Italian arias being too difficult.

By the acquirement of a thorough knowledge of the psychological system of voice culture most everything which has hitherto been shrouded in mystery regarding the voice can become clear and elucidated to educated musicians who have hitherto employed the old mechanical methods.

This system can solve the problem of offering suitably graded voice culture exercises for school classes. On exact lines with type photographing, exercises can be composed in successive order, representing certain class grade types, the nearness of ages of pupils in a grade determining and prompting the mind of the composer to the desirable grade of requirement and power to be introduced in such type exercises.

Almost all new innovations on lines of progress and advancement meet with misconception and discouragement on the part of stoically maintained orthodox principles and pet theories.

I therefore feel prompted to publicly thank Herr Xaver Scharwenka, Prof. Julius Eduard Meyer, Wm. M. Thoms, of the *American Art Journal*; our honored president Herbert Wilber Greene, Walter Henry Hall, of the program committee; Prof. Albert Caswell, of the public schools of Brooklyn; Dr. James Leland, of Harvard University; Miss Annie Tolman Smith, of the Bureau of Education, and Dr. M. A. Harris, Commissioner of Education of the United States, by having, on grounds of their superior educational attainments, stimulated, encouraged and furthered the cause of the psychological system of voice culture in the interest of more general education and promulgation of its principles. For more light, valuable to teachers in voice culture, I would recommend the work of

Dr. Thomas R. French, "The Throat and Larynx"; also a treatise on a destructive element in the female voice, giving registration tables, by Prof. Julius Eduard Meyer, published by Breitkopf & Härtel. I have left for free distribution as souvenirs a large number of pamphlets in connection with voice culture tests at C. H. Ditson & Co., 867 Broadway. The pamphlets pertain to the psychological system and exercises. The tests demonstrate the art attainable to lead voices at will in desired action in voice registration. They grant a quick insight into the power of the psychological law in singing, and its systematized operation under artistic manipulation. To my knowledge no such tests were ever presented to the scientific musical world before.

Whether or no Madame Marchesi, of Paris, were to earn during one season in New York the great sum proposed, it might well be worth the \$40,000 to her to come and learn the mentioned art of leading voices at will from an American of the city of New York.

LOUISVILLE.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., June 27, 1898.

THE celebration of the Liederkranz Society's golden anniversary on the 5th and 6th marked an important step in this grand old organization, and was probably the greatest and most successful gathering in its history of fifty years.

The soloists were Mrs. Bertha Stege Milliken, Miss Katie Elliot, Douglass Webb, Peter Schlicht, Jos. Simons and Mrs. George Schmidt, all of whom appeared to good advantage, the work of Miss Elliot and Mr. Webb being especially good.

A most delightful event was the musicale given at the New Liederkranz by Mrs. J. E. Whitney, pianist, and Miss Anita Muldoon, soprano. It was interesting, too, because it was the first appearance of Mrs. Whitney since her return from years of study abroad, and was the last of Miss Muldoon before her going to Europe to spend several years in study.

Tillotson Neel, an ambitious young baritone, of whom the public knew nothing, gave a testimonial concert at Library Hall on the 7th before a good-sized audience. He was assisted by Llewellyn Cain, his teacher; Chas. Letzler, violinist; Misses Edith Smith, Cornelia Timberlake, Minnie Husak, Lula Preefer and W. H. Williams.

The Musical Club has begun rehearsals for a midsummer concert, and so far the music taken up indicates that a choice program will be given. It will be known as a historical concert.

George Selby, organist and director of the Calvary Episcopal Church choir, gave some choice musical programs during the month of May.

The Choral Society of Louisville is no longer a promise but a reality. It was organized with about a hundred voices, representing the choicest talent of the city. Gustave Frese has been chosen as director, and his work will be watched with interest, as outside of being an organist of merit little or nothing as yet is known of him as a choral director.

T. ELBERT B.

Miss Birdice Blye.

Miss Birdice Blye played before the Writers' Association at their meetings from June 27 to July 2, and the next week gave several recitals before the Winona Assembly.

July 6 she gave this program:

Sonata, op. 10, No. 2.....	Beethoven
Nocturne.....	Grieg
Valse, E major.....	Moszkowski
Romanze.....	Rubinstein
Impromptu.....	Raff
Liebes Duo.....	Henselt
Invitation to the Dance.....	Weber-Tausig
Prelude.....	Chopin
Musical Box.....	Liadoff
Rhapsodie Hongroise.....	Liszt

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WILL RESUME LESSONS SEPTEMBER 12.

Art

and

Drama

THE WAR CORRESPONDENTS.

"AND behold the man clothed with linen, which had the inkhorn by his side, reported the matter, saying, I have done as Thou hast commanded me." Ezekiel chap. ix. v. 2.

* * *

Our men have done their duty. Regulars, volunteers, rough riders and men of every arm have proved their courage, patience, heroism and devotion. They have been cheered by the nation and publicly thanked by Congress, and this is all as it should be. After the war is over there will be more cheering, we trust, and honors will fly about as thickly and temptingly as the roasted quail in the story. This is no time for illustrating the proverbial ingratitude of republics. We are starting, it may be, upon a series of wars. What we have gained with the sword may have to be held with the sword. We should keep alive the fine military spirit that was shown at Santiago. The rewards cannot be too high nor too many. The kin of the dead must be cared for and the wounded must be pensioned.

All this the nation will do.

There is one class of those who went to the front who are little likely to receive much in the way of pensions, honors or cheers. And yet the heroism of the "man with the inkhorn by his side, who reported the matter," is quite as great as that of the man who did the fighting. Col. Roosevelt charging up the hill in a rain-storm of bullets was no braver than the correspondent who charged at his side. In fact it took, perhaps, more courage for the unarmed journalist than it did for the trained soldier to face that hill of steel.

They were brave men—Marshall and Creelman and many another—who sent back the news from the front. When the public honors and the public rewards begin to fall they should not be forgotten.

The nation owes something to those who "reported the matter."

And the debt should be paid in full.

A TRULY AMERICAN EXTRAVAGANZA.

AN entirely new and thoroughly American musical extravaganza in three acts will be given its first public production at the New Nelson Theatre, Springfield, Mass., in the week of July 25. The production will be made by the Madison Square Opera Company, under the management of Sturgis, Kingsley & Norman, with Al. Henderson as musical director.

The name of the piece has not, as yet, been absolutely determined.

The book and lyrics are by W. Murdoch Lind, a newspaper writer, at present a member of the staff of THE MUSICAL COURIER. The music is by Frank R. Gillis, who is connected with J. & C. Fischer, piano manufacturers, of this city.

The story of the extravaganza may be briefly outlined thus:

The effeminate captain of a company occupying a fort in the far West, which has been garrisoned for the purpose of keeping in check a handful of harmless, eccentric and altogether impossible Indians, is visited by a coterie of young women from New York, to one of whom, an heiress, he has been engaged from childhood. At the fort the girls meet the Indians, to whom, while schoolgirls in Washington, they were so foolish as to promise themselves in marriage.

The Indians claim a fulfilment of this promise, and a treaty is made looking to such a result.

Meanwhile a British adventurer appears upon the scene with his valet. This newcomer falls in love with the heiress, who returns his affection. The

princess of the Indian tribe, who has always loved the Captain of the fort, is much disturbed by the advent of the white women.

When the time arrives to ratify the treaty between the Indians and the girls, the latter ignore it; of course an outbreak is the natural result, and a battle is fought between the redskins and palefaces after the manner of a football game.

The Englishman and his valet are sent out as scouts by the captain of the fort, who, wishing to be rid of them, thus places them in a position of danger.

The spies are captured by the Indians, who doom them to death by a humorously horrible method. The Englishman gains time for himself and comrade by pretending to love the Indian princess. The soldiers arrive at this juncture and quell the uprising, taking the Indians into custody.

In the third and last act the Englishman repudiates the Indian maiden and is accepted by the heiress, while the effeminate Captain, rejected by all the white maidens, turns in despair to the Indian princess, whom he marries, and with whom he leaves for the Indian territory, where, in order to hold land, one must be the husband or wife of an Indian.

The Englishman and the heiress form the Indians into a "Wild West" show and turn their faces Eastward.

The success of the production will, of course, depend largely upon the comedy element. This will be represented by J. W. Kingsley and James A. Sturgis. The title role, or the part which most closely approaches it in point of distinction, will be sung by Adelaide Randall. Blanche Chapman will be responsible for the creation of the principal female character part, and Lizzie Gonzales will take the leading soubrette role. The leading tenor, baritone and bass parts will be allotted to Charles Renwick, Frank Dunstan and Harry B. Norman respectively.

ALL talk of peace is premature.

There can be no peace until Porto Rico, the Ladrones, Carolines and the Philippine Islands are territories of the United States and Cuba has been securely established as a colony. Then we may talk of peace and the indemnity to be paid for the foul destruction of the Maine and the expense we have been put to for revenge.

In the meantime we shall go on contentedly chewing our thistle, and the thistle we chew is revenge.

THE Anglo-American rapprochement, to use no stronger term, has been affectionately welcomed by the leading men on both sides of the Atlantic. Men so diverse in their opinions as Mr. Chamberlain and Sir W. Vernon Harcourt, Mr. Asquith and Mr. Curzon, Lord Salisbury and Mr. J. Morley have united in the pretty occupation of throwing bouquets at America and Americans and crying out for "friendship—alliance, if you choose to use the word in the sense of cordial friendship" with the United States. The only protest against the entente cordiale that we have heard on either side of the sea has come from the Irish—from certain Irish members of Parliament in Great Britain, from certain noisy and professional Irishmen in this country. It was well said by Mr. Chamberlain that "the Anglo-Saxons in America know how to deal with the Irish vote." Of that there need be no question. Only a few years ago, after an interesting "investigation," part of the Irish vote was sent to the penitentiary.

We may add that the entire press of this country (with it may be a few inconspicuous exceptions) has only approbation and sympathy for this new friendship that has been struck between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family.

The Playgoer.

A Roof Garden
"Rice" Pudding.



Thus he figures in the famous old song of "Ye Leathern Bottell," in H. Carey's

Zeno, Plato, Aristotle,
All were lovers of the bottle;

in Byron's "Don Juan," and in many such a catch as:

To moisten our throttle,
We'll catch the third bottle.

For what was the practice of wise Aristotle.

Yet, heaven knows, he was a good, abstemious man, and his ill repute is all owing to the rakish, final syllables of his name. Just so was Amos Cottle, once poet laureate, undone to all time.

* * *

Names are the devil, after all.

Some perking scientist applied the name of Sacher-Masoch to a malady, and the result has been deplorable. I very much doubt whether it has not been sufficient to frighten all readers away from this admirable novelist, even as it drove his plays from the stage. Once upon a time his comedies were quite the vogue. In "The Verses of Frederick the Great" he really gave a pretty, rococo picture of the court of Louis XV., of the Princess Woronzof, of Voltaire and of the Germans, who were hardly their contemporaries in civilization though contemporary in time.

It is a satire on Prussian greed and Prussian barbarism, and was quite enough to unleash all the Berlin scientists.

* * *

The pages that gave them an opportunity to forge Sacher-Masoch's name into a scientific epithet are scattered all through his works, especially in the short stories—some of them not unworthy of Turgenev—that make up the "Legacy of Cain." There, among scenes of violence, of quasi-barbaric carnage and Oriental opulence, walks always the same imperious and triumphant Delilah, this vampire with the golden hair, who crumbles the hearts of men and tramples upon the bones and bodies of men. You see her again in the

Burne-Jones painting. She is in Kipling's poem.

In "Die Ideale Unseres Zeit" Sacher-Masoch has drawn Valeria, the sorceress, whose philtres bring all men to her feet. She it is who enslaves, and Werther, wailing to Charlotte, is but a faint effigy of the ruined masculinity of this book.

I remember one rather good thing that Sacher-Masoch says: "Had Bret Harte and Turgenev lived fifty years earlier they would have written epic poems; to-day Homer and Dante would write novels."

It may be.

Do you know the work of that other Jewish dramatist, Karl Gutzkow? He it was who wrote "Uriel Acosta."

No drama presents so vivid and exact a picture of the general spirit of the Jewish people before its emancipation. Gutzkow belonged to Young Germany—with Heine, Wienburg, Wenzel and Herweg. His aim was to popularize democracy—how far all this fervor of the 'forties seems from

these imperialistic days of the nineties! In the novel, in the drama, in verse and prose, he preached the beauty of democracy.

He was a blunt radical—too distrustful, it may be, of kings, and certainly too distrustful of God.

In "Maha-Guru," one of his first novels, he showed to his entire satisfaction that God was merely man and legend made one.

* * *

Gutzkow was the author of a novel famous in its day, "The Sadducees of Amsterdam." From it he draughted his drama "Uriel Acosta." There is a historic basis.

Uriel Acosta, who was born in Oporto in 1591, belonged to a Jewish family that had been forced into Christianity. He himself was brought up in the Catholic faith. He took his degrees in law and philosophy and became a professor in a Portuguese university. He began to doubt the Church and fled to Amsterdam, and, after reasoning with the exiled Jews there, returned to the Jewish religion. He believed, however, that the religion practiced by them was not that of the Mosaic law and the prophets; he held that the primitive law had been obscured by the Talmud and many Pharasaic observances. And so he wrote his book, combating the commentators and rabbins, and as well attacking the Platonic dogma of resurrection and of immortality.

The book created a sensation in the Ghetto.

* * *

The doctor Samuel Da Silva was chosen by the Synagogue of Amsterdam to examine the volume; he reported that Uriel Acosta was a heretic, an apostate, an epicurean, a politician and atheist. Acosta retorted in a new book in which he attacked at the same time Judaism and Christianity. He was thrown into prison, fined, and his book was burned by the public hangman. He persisted in his opinions. He was denounced, tried, excommunicated, beaten with rods on the steps of the synagogue and banned from society.

He was forced to abandon his old, blind mother, his sister and his brother for fear of bringing upon them a curse like that laid upon himself. Out of pity to them he solemnly abjured his errors, and then—doubtless out of pity to himself—put a pistol bullet through his head. This was in 1647. He told the story of his life in a book which was not published until forty years later. It is said, by the way, that the mother of Baruch Spinoza was the sister of Uriel Acosta.

* * *

It is not difficult to see how strongly this story would appeal to the imagination of the young radical, reformer and Jew, Gutzkow. In order to bring out the essentially dramatic quality of the story he followed a hint given in Acosta's autobiography and made him in love with the daughter of a wealthy Jew, whom he served as tutor. But the maid had long been betrothed to her cousin, Ben Jochai. She sacrifices her love. With the addition of this element, the drama follows with some closeness the story of Acosta's life.

* * *

This play was produced at Dresden in 1847. It was successful, and still holds the stage in Germany.

* * *

God has given us tongues in order that we may say something pleasant about our fellows. Why then should the *Sun* call Mr. Richard H. Davis a

A Roof Garden Sketch.



Original roof garden entertainers.

marshmallow? That's a nasty remark. Had I been in the editor's place and had the name of Davis (a man for whom I have a particular regard) come up, I should gritted my teeth and said something pleasant. Merely because Davis is a formidable imbecile there is no reason why he should

be made the butt of the entire. He is not the only sap-head. The possibilities of Gilder are not nearly exhausted.

There is a great deal of nonsensical entertainment to be got out of the roof gardens and music halls these days and nights. There is little but vaudeville, if one makes an exception or two—such as De Wolf Hopper in comic opera at the seashore and the regimental band concerts. At Koster & Bial's, at the Casino, at the American Theatre, the performers have taken to the roof.

Blood will tell, you know.

Captain Lee, the English military attaché, who is representing his Government, is described in an interview as being as brave as a lion. While the attachés of other nations are carefully stowed away in the rear, Captain Lee is right on the firing line, notebook in hand, gathering material for his reports to his Government. He also does all he can to help our wounded. Captain Lee, who is an expert in modern warfare, grew alarmed when he heard the order given to charge over an open field to take three intrenchments and a battery of artillery. The charge must be made in the face of a rain of shot and shell, and it was almost certain death to attempt it.

"You will be annihilated!" shouted the Britisher; but the men jumped at the command, and, officers leading, plunged up the slope and simply overwhelmed the enemy, who fled in disorder.

Captain Lee was right with the advance guard, but afterward acknowledged that he considered the attack miraculous in its success.

M. Jacques Normand writes me from Paris an amiable note in reference to an appreciation of his poems I wrote in these columns. He intimates that I made him out more of a millionaire than he really is. At all events I did not praise him too highly as a poet.

I had the pleasure of writing for THE COURIER a review of Jean Richepin's splendidly romantic drama "Le Chemineau" at the time it was brought out in Paris, nearly two years ago. As you know, it has been brought out under the title of "Ragged Robin" at Her Majesty's Theatre in London. You will be interested, I think, in the criticism—it is by Captain Moy Thomas, of the *Daily News*—of Louis N. Parker's adaptation. Thus:

Mr. Parker has rendered the French verse in good English prose, and in doing so has contrived very cleverly to preserve the sentiment of the original. If we must have adaptations from the French we should like to see them always so well done. The scene of this drama of French rustic life is changed to England; the Burgundy peasants have been turned into Dorset



farm laborers, and an English dramatist has imbued them with the characteristics of their kind. The work of adaptation, indeed, has been so well done that no trace is left of the foreign origin of the piece. Yet Mr. Parker follows conscientiously the lines of M. Richepin's story, which loses very little of its simple charm by the sacrifice of the poetic diction in which M. Richepin indulges, only from time to time. There is a touch of the poetic here and there in Mr. Parker's prose, as there are frequent and intentional lapses into the prosaic in M. Richepin's verse.

Of the players Captain Thomas says:

The piece is very well acted, though the company have some difficulty in the management of the Dorset dialect. Mr. Tree, who plays Ragged Robin with all that nice appreciation of detail which is characteristic of his performances of such a part, adopts, perhaps, a little too refined a manner of speech; in fact, if he exchanged his very picturesque rags for a frock coat and a silk hat there would be no reason to alter his pronunciation in any

degree to pass for a man of fashion. Lewis Waller and Miss Evelyn Willard, who represent the young sweethearts, evade the difficulty frankly by making no pretense to reproduce a dialect, and the pretty love scene, which Mr. Parker has invented for them, derives no local touch from the acting, which is effective enough, but is not "Dorset." Mrs. Tree plays the part of Alison very agreeably and sympathetically, but although she uses the dialect occasionally, she does not quite catch the sense of rustic character.

Of "A Stranger in New York" (now quite at home in London) it is said, fairly enough, that "the piece has no artistic value," but there is a sort of diversion to be got from the antics of Harry Conroy and the other Yankee rioters.

V. T.



ARCADIE.

'Twas Poussin painted the woodscape, where the maids
At eventide dance in the flickering shades
Thrown by the chestnut trees; and you may see
Far in the inmost glades a young girl's tomb;
And you may read there in the twilight gloom:
Et moi aussi, je récus en Arcadie.
And we? We dance in sunlight and in shade—
The tomb waits and the epitaph is made.

V. T.

HIERONYMUS BOSCH—this Van Aken of Bois-le-Duc—had a meddlesome talent.

There is one of his paintings, "De Val der Engelen," in the Musée in Brussels which is quite a masterpiece of the grotesque. There is a veritable whirlwind of fallen angels, down-dropping from a round, bland, white heaven—so milky white. Driven by sworded angels of light, the outcasts whirl and sprawl downward, notoriously extravagant, brownies and elves, frogs, black flies, doremice, fish-headed, vegetable-bodied, lobster-legged, bat-winged—a mad hegira of all that is monstrous, absurd, horrible, obscene, childish, laughable and uncouth.

A mad heaven and a mad hell, Hieronymus!

In Paris there has been bought for the Louvre the leaf of a triptych by Bosch, depicting a little hellish grotto, alive with smirking flames and summary devillkins and monsters. I have forgotten the price—it was a pretty penny. Although this is perhaps the poorest specimen of this painter to be found in any of the great galleries of Europe from Madrid to Berlin, yet it seems to me—in spite of all the outcry I heard in Paris—that the conservators of the Louvre were quite right in purchasing it. It is an example. It is an illustration. And that is all one wants of Hieronymus. Moreover that much one should have.

There are certain men in whose favor history seems to have entered into a conspiracy.

Bosch was singularly fortunate. Almost all the writers of art history have been his accomplices. In his own day dealers and buyers conspired to exalt him—and yet he was but a slight-minded, cold, pragmatical, laborious painter of commonplace impossibilities. (You remember the little headless manikin in the Brussels museum with the knife stuck full in its stomach; that is an example.)

Hieronymus lived from 1460 to 1516, and sold his works at prices that must have seemed prodigiously high to his brother painters—

Virgile Jozz (dramatist, poet and critic, as each distinguished) has dis-



...A Roof Garden "Coon" Act...

covered in the papers of the chancellory of the Dukes of Burgundy this order for a payment made by Philip the Fair in the month of September, 1504:

"A jeronimus Van Acken, dit Bosh, peintre, demourant au Bois-le-Duc, la somme de XXXVj livres, a bon compte, sur ce qu'il pourroit estre deu sur ung grant tableau de peinture, de IX pieds de hault et Xj pietz de long, ou doist estre le Judgement de Dieu, assavoir paradis et enfer, que Monseigneur lui avoit ordonné de faire pour son très noble plaisir."

Among the patrons of this painter were Marguerite of Austria and many of the great lords of the Low Countries. William the Silent admired these grim little figures. In 1568 Philip II. (it was on the 14th day of April) raided the house of Jehan de Casembroot, Lord de Backersele, and seized and confiscated many paintings by Bosch. When His Majesty died these pictures and sixteen others by Bosch were found in the Royal cell—there was a "Monster-Child," the "Seven Deadly Sins," and for the rest many canvases covered grimly with falls of the damned angels, after the fashion of the one in Brussels.

* * *

I should not care to hang my cell with these monstrous, little mediocrities.

They were put to their right use by Palmer Cox, who put them into children's books and called them Brownies.

But to the old Spanish king they seemed very terrible and alive with all the eternity of hell.

Carolus Duran has a poor opinion of the influence of French literature on the young artists of Paris, and says that there are no painters of great promise among the younger men there. For this he gives two reasons. The first is that they are all so eager to achieve notoriety that they do not take time enough to learn their art; and the second is that they turn away from nature to treat eccentric subjects of a literary character, which are wholly out of the painter's province.

* * *

Eugène Guillaume, the sculptor and director of the French school at Rome, has been elected to the French Academy in the place of the late Duc d'Aumale. As his literary work is almost unknown, the election has aroused much criticism, but M. Guillaume's rivals were far below the Academy standard. They were General du Barail, Imbert de Saint Amand and Ernest Daudet. Zola, who had sent in his name, received not a vote. For Meilhac's place six votes resulted in no election, the candidates being Paul Hervieu, E. Faguet, Henri Lavedan and Henri Becque.

* * *

John W. Alexander is the latest American artist to be honored by the French Government with a place in the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris. The design of the Government in placing an artist's work in the gallery is simply to honor the man, so that small attention is paid to the merits of the particular picture selected to represent him. The result is that while the gallery is a roll of honor, its collection is not especially esteemed by connoisseurs. Mr. Alexander's picture, however, is an exception. Its title is "The Green Bowl," and it has received the highest praise from able Parisian critics. The painting is a study in monochrome. He is one of thirty American artists represented in the Luxembourg Gallery.

* * *

Hope springs eternal in the human breast; the following is from the *World*:

Colonel Joseph E. Stevens, of No. 32 Broadway, has just purchased in a pawnbroker's shop two paintings conservatively estimated to be worth \$17,500 for \$16.

The paintings were exposed in a window among articles to be sold at a pawnbroker's sale.

One picture, 16 x 24, was purchased for \$12, and a smaller one, 8 x 12, canvass, for \$4.

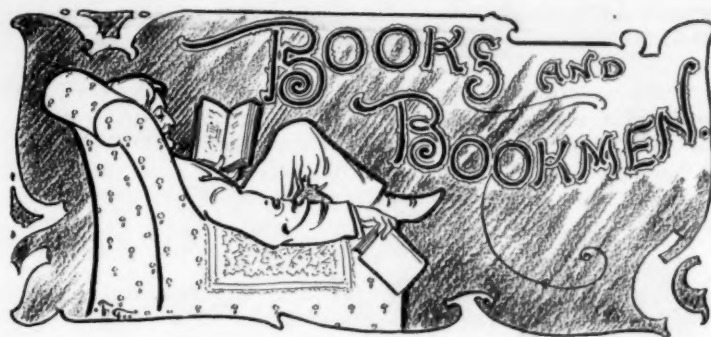
The larger picture proved to be one of the masterpieces of Rubens entitled "Lot and His Daughters," and valued at \$15,000. The smaller canvas turned out to be an example of Sydney Cooper, the famous English cattle painter, and is said to be worth at least \$2,500.

It would seem that the Irishman—like woman—is constitutionally beyond the reach of logic. In the *Sun* an Irishman sets out to prove that the Anglo-Saxon race "does not exist" by naming all the distinguished Irishmen to whom he can "lay his tongue." This is an easy argument. Oddly enough, though, not one out of twenty of the Irishmen whom he eulogizes were Irish at all. Indeed it is an incontrovertible fact that from St. Patrick to Parnell the conspicuous men in Ireland have rarely been Irish. Their revolutions have all been led by men of English, Scotch or Welsh blood. The only one of them all who might possibly pretend to Irish blood was Smith O'Brien, and his first name gave the lie to his last.

To Irishmen who left Ireland Mr. Parnell was fond of quoting these lines:

The chequer'd world's before thee—go, farewell,
Beware of Irishmen—and learn to spell.

It is excellent advice. At the present moment the "pathriuts" would do well to remember it.



When a new book comes out I go to my shelves and take down an old one.—EMERSON.

It rather annoys one to remember that Florian, who wrote the sunniest, sweetest pastorales, was a swaggering, hard-riding, deep-drinking, high-living captain of dragoons, unduly fond of beating women. It would have been so much pleasanter to have thought of him as an elegiac and nostalgic shepherd.

* * *

ESTELLE.
ROMAN PASTORALE.
POR M. DE FLORIAN.

Capitaine de Dragons, et Gentilhomme de S. A. S.
Monseigneur le Duc de Penthièvre, des Académies de
Madrid, de Florence, de Lyon, de Nîmes, d'Angers, &c.
AU BUIS.
MDCCXC.

You have read the six books of "Estelle;" have you not? You have wept over the tenderness of it and hummed the dainty songs—the music by Cherubini, "a young composer whose talents are already celebrated in Italy and will be soon in France."

I shall not lead you through this pretty tangle of song and sentiment, nor parade for you these "shepherds and shepherdesses of the reign of Louis XII., who were worthy of inhabiting enchanted lands."

For the present I want to discuss Captain Florian's theory of the pastoral. It is a subject that has busied many learned pens—from those of Fontenelle and M. de Chabanon, the Abbé Desfontaines and Alexander Pope to my own. (Thank you!)

* * *

Fontenelle would admit no shepherds who had not wit and gallantry. The shepherdess whom he would approve must have the pretty airs of the court—the trick of flirting a fan and playing her eyes—in fine, she must be a Dresden shepherdess. I need not tell you that this theory of the pastoral has had many adherents, of whom Pope was not the least nor Phillips the worst.

* * *

Another theory was definitely stated by the ingenious M. de Chabanon in his "Essai sur Théocrite." He urged the pastoral poet never to forsake the "golden simplicity" of the antique eclogues. The Abbé Desfontaines in his "Discours sur les Pastorales," said that he cared not a penny whether the shepherds were of the court or the field, so long as the pastoral contained a praiseworthy and profitable allegory.

It was at this point that the captain of dragoons, wearying of fighting and weary even of beating women, took up this fascinating literary problem.

"God knows," said he bluntly, "the usual sort of pastoral is cold and tedious. God forbid that I should deny or diminish the merits of Theocritus, of Bior, of Moschus, of Virgil above all! These masterpieces, which twenty centuries have admired, will live as long as beautiful poetry, amiable naturalness and touching simplicity appeal to Men of Taste. The idylls of Petrarch, of Sannazar, of Garcilaso, of Pope, offer beauties worthy of the ancients. The shepherdries of Racine, in spite of the bad taste that disfigures them, justify often the eulogies of Despréaux. Ségrais and Madame Deshoulières put into their eclogues a grace and naturalness that were perhaps too highly praised in their day, but are too much forgotten in ours."

* * *

Many other Florian commends—Fontenelle and La Motte, the Abbé Manganot, M. Berquin, M. Léonard, Mlle. Lévesque, Madame Verdier and, above all, M. Gessner; but he soon returns to his original query: "Why do folk yawn over pastorals?" When everyone yawns there must be some good cause for it. Is it the immense distance that divides us from the pastoral life? Is it the immense difference in our habits of life and thought? "God knows," says the captain of dragoons.

* * *

In Florian's day the pastoral had already gone through quite an evolution.

Guarini and Tasso in the sixteenth century changed the eclogue into

pastoral drama, in which scene followed scene, and the action moved logically to a final curtain. Indeed the "Pastor Fido" and the "Aminta" are well constructed plays. Florian admits that the method is better than that of detached eclogues in the Virgil manner, but he protests that there is no possible accord between shepherdry and the theatre.

The extreme passions necessary on the stage destroy the filmy, delicate, dreamy beauty of the pastoral.

Florian argues the matter well. I am inclined to agree with him. A stage pastoral is possible only when it is translated into the fragile, silent art of pantomime. Explosive grief, the noise of laughter tear the fine stuff of the pastoral.

* * *

There is, however, another possible development of the pastoral—that is the novel. You know, I trust, the "Daphnis and Chloe" of Longus. It is the most delicious pastoral romance ever written. It served Sannazar, the Italian, as a model for his "Arcadia." Probably it inspired that Portuguese George de Montemayor, who wrote in Spanish in the sixteenth century a romance in prose and verse of which Diana was the heroine. The mode became popular. Cervantes wrote a number of pallid imitations. Lope de Vega devised three. In England the Countess of Pembroke and Sidney fashioned an "Arcadia"—in which paladins and shepherds debated love.

It is many years since I read Sidney's pastoral and only faintly do I remember its tediousness, a tediousness which comes, Florian divines, from the multitude of personages that distract the attention from Celadon and Muscidore.

"Besides," said Florian, going to the heart of his subject, "these princes and these heroes are fetched too far. In the pastoral all should be proximate (tout doit se toucher). Shepherds communicate only with their neighbors. They never quit their valley, their forest, the borders of their stream. For them the world ends a league beyond their village."

* * *

That is a sound observation. In the land of shepherdry there is no migration. And into the pastoral village rides neither knight nor prince. It is an artificial village, if you will, but it knows neither artifice nor glory, knowing only love.

* * *

In the true pastoral there is no place for the splendors of the court; nor is there room for magic. I am well aware that Virgil and Theocritus, Sannazar, Montemayor, Lope de Vega and even Gessner (in one bad example) have tricked out their pastorals with the miraculous. The Germans, too, with their usual faculty for blundering into the inartistic, have freely draped their pastorals with sortilege, hocus-pocus, sorcery, potions and necromancy.

For my part I have never been able to interest myself in lovers whose affection depends upon philtres and potions. The true shepherd—the true lover—knows only one way of winning the dear one's heart, and that is by giving his own. The true shepherd—and he is the true lover—cannot be brought to believe that love can change or die. For him first love cannot change. For him the hurt of love can never be healed. Ever the wounds wake in his heart—

Nor would he have them healed, this shepherd.

* * *

Once I knew a shepherd.

To and fro, to and fro, I paced the dark streets with him.

Confused and sad, he wandered through the gaslit city, for he was an elegiac and nostalgic shepherd, raped from his windy hills.

We came to the Tenement of Black Fumes; through the windows there glinted reddish light; from the doorway surged a flood-tide of laughter and temulent, heady cries.

"Come," said I; "it is the house of sorcery and he who enters here is dead to love and the ills of love forever more. The ghosts of sad kisses haunt him no more. He wakes no more to hear pale voices crying round his bed in the midnight. The hurts in his heart are dead. He drinks the black potion of pleasure and forgets."

"And I will not forget," said the shepherd, "for the pains of love are sweeter than sleep and the pains of hapless love are more splendid than glory, and in that dim world where heroes shall dine on sleep and quaff cups of forgetfulness the lovers shall wander, bright-eyed and lonely, musing on love's delight."

* * *

The model pastoral is a gracious mixture of prose and poetry. The captain of dragoons declares it and I approve.

Perhaps you wish to write one. In some such way as this you might go about it: You have to paint a love-lorn shepherd; he is seated in the shade of a sycamore tree, his head upon his hands, his disregarded flute at his feet, his dog couched near by, looking up at him with sad and tender comprehension. (When one is love-lorn it is only one's dog that knows—only one's dog that understands; if one be a shepherd, that is). To paint this

picture you choose the simplest words, the clearest and most expressive. Were you writing in verse the rhyme and measure might force you unaware into extravagance—into pleonastic indulgence in adjectives and adverbs. And one word might ruin your picture. But when you have made your picture, when you have created your shepherd—in all clearness and precision and truth—a living image, then make your verses, and, especially, make good ones. Just as it is the function of woman to be beautiful, just as it is the function of Pierrot to be white, so it is the function of shepherds to sing their sorrows.

* * *

Pope's elegant pastorals, written when he was sixteen, are prefaced by a discourse on pastoral poetry. You will find there some mettlesome praise of Tasso and Spenser, and a number of rules by which Mr. Pope would judge the pastoral. These rules may be deduced from the generalization: "The complete character of this poem consists in simplicity, brevity and delicacy."

And yet in "Colin Clent's Calendar" Spenser broke every one of these precepts.

VANCE THOMPSON.

"Evelyn Innes," George Moore's new book, has fared ill at the hands of W. H. Smith & Co., which has well nigh a monopoly of the distribution of books and magazines in the United Kingdom. Agreeing with the "Raconteur," who reviewed the novel in these columns, the Smiths have decided that "Evelyn Innes" is not a book for the young person and have intimated that at times it is not a book for anyone. On the other hand, Mr. Moore's critics have contended that he is concerned far too much with the "moral truth" and that "Evelyn Innes" is little more than a "tract writ large."

Mr. Moore objects sharply to this attempt to class him with the Mrs. Humphrey Wards and the Hall Caines—all the Tupperts of fiction. He argues that all tragic stories are built about a moral idea, or a primary idea—the difference being merely one of words. The only distinction between great literature and little literature is that great literature is built about primary truths or passions. Thence he deduces the corollary that English poetry is the strongest part of English literature, as its fiction is the weakest.

"What," he asks, "is Hamlet but the picture of a man whose dreams are in conflict with circumstances? What is 'Lear' but the picture of parental altruism? What is 'Othello' but a picture of jealousy? What is 'Romeo and Juliet' but a picture of youthful exaltation? What is 'Antony and Cleopatra' but a picture of overpowering sexual passion in middle age? What is 'Macbeth' but a picture of ambition?"

English prose fiction, he argues, has been largely external, depicting man "in his habits of life, with the indication of idiosyncrasies, very often with mere social differences. * * * Primary ideas have found expression only in English poetry. The English novel is a novel of manners, that is to say, of the surface of life. Fielding created the form, and his form has been followed more or less faithfully by all. Landscape painting, farce and melodrama have been added by Eliot, Dickens, Thackeray and Scott, but these additions have distorted a form radically incapable of modification. Miss Austen is the one writer who kept to the original form; she did more than keep to it, she has emphasized it. She is the one writer who has eschewed landscape painting, farce and melodrama, limiting herself to comedy, to domestic comedy. The English are a domestic race, and Miss Austen has realized the instincts of the race more perfectly than any other writer. Her books are not very interesting, but she is our most characteristic novelist."

* * *

Dr. Von Rokitsansky, of Gratz, who has just died, was a son of the celebrated Viennese Professor Rokitsansky. The latter had four sons, of whom two devoted themselves to medicine, while the other two became singers, and the old man used to say, when asked what their professions were, "Zwei heulen und zwei heilen"—"Two are howlers and two are healers."

* * *

Edmund Kean's autograph letters fetched good prices at the recent sale of Charles Kean's library and relics in London. The last letter to his wife, in which he said "Let us be no longer fools; come home; forget and forgive. If I have erred it was my head, not my heart," brought \$147; others sold for \$100, \$80 and \$60. His bronze inkstand brought \$18, the yataghan presented to him by Lord Byron, \$112; the claymore he used in "Macbeth," \$182, and "Cardinal Wolsey's" hat, \$135. The cup made from Shakespeare's mulberry tree, presented to Charles Kean, was sold for \$177; his set of prompt books, in sixty-five volumes, for \$480, and a presentation copy of Dickens' "Life of Joseph Grimaldi" for \$61.

* * *

Zola has issued a new philippic. This "j'accuse" is aimed more directly at M. Brisson. In a cablegram to the *Sun* it is summarized thus:

"I thought you too well advised, M. Brisson, not to be convinced that no Ministry can live so long as this affair is not settled. There is something rotten in France and normal life can only be re-established when the Dreyfus trial is revised. You committed suicide, therefore, on the first day when you thought you were establishing your power solidly and for a long time. The worst is that shortly, when you fall, you will have lost political honor."

M. Zola further reproaches M. Brisson with having allowed the truth to be murdered under his eyes. "You have killed the truth. It is a crime. Everything has its reward and you will be punished. It is painful to me to think that you possessed so little intelligence as to have a shadow of doubt of the innocence of Dreyfus; but to admit for a moment that you sacrificed the truth and that you consider a lie necessary to save France appears to me still more insulting. You are making the Government utterly ridiculous. Germany is not the only country to be amused. Russia also is convinced of the innocence of Dreyfus."

* * *

"Will modern books last?"—J. M. Bullock in the Book Buyer.

Probably two or three of them will.—The Evening Sun.

Of all the literature of the Christian Era posterity will probably retain nothing except one joke—and I made it.

THE PROSE OF BATTLE.

THE prose of battle has never been written; at best—in Walt Whitman's "Specimen Days," in a few pages of Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage," in certain chapters of Zola's "Déboîcle" and Paul Margueritte's subtler account of the war of '71—one finds only hints and instigations of what battle prose might be.

What we want is the story of men—not an account of military movements. To the average reader the statement that the "fourth division outflanked the enemy" is of no significance. A division, to his mind, may mean twenty men or twenty thousand, and to outflank may be to ambush or run away. He does not know, nor does he greatly care. His interest is on the human side of things. He wants to know just those things which the historians of the Civil War, for instance, deemed of no consequence at all. Walt Whitman has laid a stormier emphasis on this thought. "Future years," he wrote, "will never know the seething hell and the black infernal background of countless minor scenes and interiors (not the official surface-courtesies of the generals, not the few great battles) of the secession war; and it is best they should not—the real war will never get in the books."

Yet this is just what we want—that the real war should get into our books. The poetry of war—its splendor and heroism and official surface-courtesies—is an old tale; the prose of war is yet to be written.

There was a Scot, named Donald Henderson, who went through the Civil War. He had it in him to have written the prose of battle, but he died (of the drink and the climate at some East Indian station) and left only a few notes—a few hints and instigations, as I have said. It is not that the man could write—but he could see things. In a way, too, he could say them. Here is an instance:

"In one place I met five drunken men escorting a wounded sergeant. This man had been shot in the jaw, and when he attempted to speak, the blood choked his gesticulation.

"'You le' go, pardner!' said one of the staggering brutes—he's not your sergeant. Go 'way!

"'Now, sergeant!' said the other idiotically; 'I'll see you all right, sergeant! Come, Bill! fetch him over to the corn-crib, and we'll give him a drink.'

"Here the first speaker struck the second, and the sergeant in wrath knocked them both down. At this time the enemy's cannon were booming close at hand."

Another time this Scot wrote:

"This happened on the Chickahominy during McClellan's peninsular campaign. The Federal army lay along the high hills on the north side of the stream, and the Confederates upon the hills of the other side. The pickets of the latter reached almost to the brink, and the Federals were busily engaged in erecting bridges at various points. I was standing at New Bridge one day, watching the operations of the soldiery, when General Z rode down through the meadows to examine the work. A guard held the Richmond bank of the creek, access being obtained to them by a series of rafts or buoys; but the guard could go only a little way from the margin, for some sharpshooters lay behind a knoll, and had, up to this time, mortally wounded every adventurer. The general reined his horse on the safe side of the river, and called briefly 'Major!'

"A young flaxen-haired, florid man, with a gold leaf in his shoulder-bar, stepped out, saluted, and paid respectful attention.

"'General?

"'Is that your picket?'—pointing to the group on the opposite bank.

"'Yes, general.'

"'No more men beyond the knoll and bush?'

"'No, general; it is dangerous. The enemy is there in force.'

"'Do you know their force?'

"'No, general.'

"'Call one of your men.'

"'Parks!'

"A little bullet-headed fellow, whose legs were muddy to the thighs, and who was driving a round log to its place in the roadway, dropped his mallet at once, swung smartly round, as on a pivot, and saluted.

"'Go cautiously up the bank,' said the general—'you see it there; draw fire, if you can; but if there be no response, you will shout to provoke it.'

"I saw the knot in the soldier's throat rise slowly, as if propelled by his heart; a little quiver came to his lips, and he looked half-inquiringly to his major. In a moment he recovered, tapped his cap lightly, and leaping from buoy to buoy, reached the guard-post, ran up the hill, passed the knoll, and stood with his head and shoulders in full view, but his extremities and trunk behind the ridge. We all watched solicitously, and in dead silence.

"'Shout! my man,' cried the general—'shout! shout!'

"The hands of the soldier went up; he swung his cap, and called shrilly: 'Hurrah for General McClellan and the U'—"

"A volley of musketry blazed from the timber beyond, and the man flung up his arms and disappeared. With a yell of revenge, the guard broke from the margin, discharged their muskets into the ambushade, and directly returned, bearing the little fellow with the bullet-head; but the mud on his

trousers was turning red, and blood dripped in a rill from his mouth and chin. The young major's florid face grew pale, he shut his lips tightly; and the soldiers, a little apart, swore through their teeth.

"'I am sorry he got his billet,' said the general; 'but he died fulfilling orders, and he was a brave man.'

"I wondered, as he rode away, attended by his dashing staff, if any more brave men had died, or were to die, fulfilling such orders."

In Walt Whitman's "Specimen Days" there are many intimations of the prose of battle, but not even he has written it out. Here is what he calls "a glimpse of war's hell-scenes":

"A strong force of Mosby's guerillas attacked a train of wounded, and the guard of cavalry conveying them. The ambulances contained about sixty wounded, quite a number of them officers of rank. The rebels were in strength, and the capture of the train and its partial guard after a short snap was effectually accomplished. No sooner had our men surrendered, the rebels instantly commenced robbing the train and murdering their prisoners, even the wounded.

"Here is the scene, or a sample of it, ten minutes after.

"Among the wounded officers in the ambulance were one, a lieutenant of regulars, and another of higher rank. These two were dragged out on the ground on their backs and were now surrounded by the guerillas, a demoniac crowd, each member of which was stabbing them in different parts of their bodies. One of the officers had his feet pinned firmly to the ground by bayonets, stuck through them and thrust into the ground. These two officers, as afterward found on examination, had received about twenty such thrusts, some of them through the mouth, face, &c. The wounded had all been dragged (to give a better chance also for plunder) out of their wagons; some had been effectually dispatched, and their bodies were lying there lifeless and bloody. Others, not yet dead, but horribly mutilated, were moaning or groaning. Of our men who had surrendered most had been thus maimed or slaughtered.

"At this instant a force of our cavalry, who had been following the train at some interval, charged suddenly upon the Secesh captors, who proceeded at once to make the best escape they could. Most of them got away, but we gobbled two officers and seventeen men in the very acts just described. The sight was one which admitted of little discussion, as may be imagined. The seventeen captured men and two officers were put under guard for the night, but it was decided there and then that they should die. The next morning the two officers were taken in the town, to separate places, and shot. The seventeen men were taken to an open ground a little to one side. They were placed in a hollow square, half-encompassed by two of our cavalry regiments, one of which regiments had three days before found the bloody corpses of three of their men hamstrung and hung up by the heels to limbs of trees by Mosby's guerillas, and the other had not long before had twelve men, after surrendering, shot and then hung by the neck to the limbs of trees, and jeering inscriptions pinned to the breast of one of the corpses, who had been a sergeant. Those three and those twelve had been found, I say, by those envioning regiments. Now, with revolvers, they formed the grim cordon of the seventeen prisoners. The latter were placed in the midst of the hollow square, unfastened, and the ironical remark made that now they were to be given 'a chance for themselves.' A few ran for it. But what use? From every side the deadly pills came. In a few moments the seventeen corpses strewed the hollow square.

"I was curious to know whether the Union soldiers, some few (some one or two at least of the youngsters) did not abstain from shooting on the helpless men. Not one. There was no exultation, very little said, almost nothing, yet every man there contributed his shot.

"Multiply the above by scores, aye hundreds—verify it in all the forms that different circumstances, individuals, places, could afford—light it with every lurid passion, the wolf's, the lion's lapping thirst for blood—the passionate, boiling volcanoes of human revenge for comrades, brothers slain—with the light of burning farms and heaps of smutting, smouldering black embers—and in every human heart everywhere, black, worse embers—and you have an inkling of this war."

But it is not the inkling we want.

Who shall write for us the explicit prose of battle?

V. T.

OUR esteemed contemporary, the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*, permits itself to speak in this violent fashion of an ingenuous youth from Philadelphia:

Davis should be drummed out of the army. He is abusing the hospitalities extended him for the purpose of gratifying his greed for notoriety. Davis should be paddled until he emits a series of burnt-orange howls for mercy.

These are not pretty words, and it is a waste of force to break a marsh-mallow with a trip-hammer. At the same time it must be admitted that it was a mistake to send Mr. Davis to Cuba without a chaperone.—*The Sun*.

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ALICE. Does she still live in Troy?

GRACE. Oh, yes.

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